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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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SMETHPORT WINS LEAGUE PENNANT

By Defeating Eldred Tuesday the Flag is Cinched.

ELDRED ANGELS AGAIN SHUT-OUT

Best Game of the Season—Crabs Defeat Frogs—General Base Ball News of the Week.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Smethport	9	2	.818
Derrick City	4	4	.500
Mt. Jewett	3	6	.333
Eldred	3	7	.300

The league base ball season in Smethport closed on Tuesday in a blaze of glory, Smethport winning from Eldred in the most exciting contest ever witnessed on the grounds. The score was 1 to 0. This victory gives the pennant to Smethport.

The Eldred team seemed rejuvenated, and one would hardly imagine that Smethport defeated practically the same team a few weeks ago by a score of 17 to 0.

But for an accident in the sixth inning which deprived the visitors of the services of A. Llewellyn it is difficult to conjecture what the result might have been. The player was struck a terrific blow near his right eye by a pitched ball and quite severely injured. This necessitated a change of players and perhaps effected the final result of the game.

Denning's work was of the phenomenal order. He succeeded in breaking the strike out record for the season, fanning seventeen of his opponents. He gave three bases on balls and hit two men, but showed his wonderful skill in being practically invincible when a run was threatened. Two hits was the best Eldred could do off his delivery.

Jessup of Eldred was also in great form. He allowed one base on balls, hit one man and struck out ten. In the fourth inning with a runner on third and one on second, he performed the remarkable feat of striking out the next three batsmen.

Not the semblance of an error marred Smethport's work. Clean, fast ball playing was the rule throughout the game. It looked like a run for Eldred in the fourth inning. Havens struck out and Sweeney drew a base on balls and stole second. W. Llewellyn fanned, but McFall got a hot one in the "slats" and took first. A hit meant a run here, but Slack ended the agony by striking out. Another scare occurred in the seventh. W. Llewellyn made a hit and was sacrificed to second by McFall. A passed ball gave him third, but Slack struck out and Bernard was retired, Tull to Keefer.

In the first inning Andrews, the first man up for Smethport, was hit by a pitched ball. Tull followed with a hit, which placed Andrews on third. Tull stole second but the next three men were easy outs. Daniels reached first in the fourth inning on an error. Keefer was passed. They advanced on passed balls, but right here Jessup performed his star stunt, striking out the next three.

Smethport scored its tally in the eighth. McClure reached first on a hit and remained there while Denning and Andrews struck out. Tull hit safely to right field and Leon Hazen of Smethport, who had taken Llewellyn's place on the Eldred team, threw to third to catch McClure. It looked for an instant like a beautiful throw but it was too high for Sweeney and went almost to the fence, McClure scored. Daniels then flew out to McFall.

With two out in the ninth inning Denning presented two Eldred men with bases on balls and then fanned the next one.

Smethport is now sure of the pennant. Next Tuesday the home team closes the league season at Eldred. It is quite probable that the team will play several exhibition games after this date.

The best story of Tuesday's game follows:

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Smethport						
Andrews, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Tull, ss	4	0	2	0	1	0
Daniels, 2b	4	0	1	0	1	0
Keefer, 1st	2	0	0	5	0	0
McCabe, 3d	3	0	0	1	1	0
Croissant, c	3	0	0	17	0	0
Estry, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
McClure, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Denning, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Total	28	1	4	27	6	0
Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Havens, 2d	4	0	0	0	2	0
Sweeney, 3d	3	0	0	1	0	0
W. Llewellyn, ss	4	0	1	3	3	0
McFall, rf-cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Slack, c	3	0	0	10	1	0
Bernard, 1st	4	0	0	7	1	0
Traynor, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Jessup, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
A. Llewellyn cf	1	0	0	1	0	0
Hazen, rf	1	0	0	0	0	1
Total	27	0	3	24	9	8

Smethport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	*	—1
Eldred	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Stolen bases—Tull; Sweeney.
Bases on balls—off Denning 3; Jessup 1.
Struck out—by Denning 17; Jessup 10.
Hit by pitched balls—Andrews; McFall, A. Llewellyn.
Double play — Llewellyn to Bernard to Sweeney.
Passed balls—Croissant 3; Slack 3.
Umpire—Backus.

CRABS 16; FROGS 7.

On Monday afternoon, as scheduled, the much talked of baseball game between the Crabs from Daly Brook and the Frogs of Potato creek met on Kane Field and the result was the downfall of the famous organization, which heretofore has never known defeat, by the crushing score of 17 to 6.

Although the rain threatened and the day was cold a large crowd gathered to see the battle between these contending forces. Headed by the band both armies followed by many noisy rooters marched into the arena and after a brief preliminary practice of both sides the game was on in earnest. The Crabs won the toss, choose the field and Umpire N. H. Knapp of the Austin Republican shouted "play ball." Tom Morrison did the twirling for the Crabs and the game opened by his granting the Bell Frog a pass, who took second on a wild pitch and came jingling home on Choate's muff of Studholme's fly to center. Mayo nabbed Ryan's fly in left garden. Backus forced another error on Choate and scored Studholme and then scored on Sleepy's error and McCoy's hit. Newman went out on a grounder to third and Yerdon fanned, retiring the side after three runs were made. Horace of the Sawdust brothers presided for the Frogs and he got "Sleepy" Morrison on a grounder, but allowed his brother a hit and Bill Andrews followed with a three-bagger and Rubin with a single which scored Andrews. Sasse drew a pass but Bell got Choate's fly and C. McCoy fanned, retiring the side with the score 2 to 3 in favor of the Frogs.

In the Frog's half of the second inning Bell was the only man to reach first and he was left on second. After Mayo was retired Morrison drew a pass and Sleepy went up on an error in center field, Scott flied out, Andrews made a hit and was caught at home after some bad throwing had cleared the bases. Frogs 3, Crabs 4.

The Frogs were retired one, two, three in the third and the Crabs secured three runs on a hit, base on balls and two more hits. The Frogs sort of redeemed themselves in the fourth by making three runs on one hit and three errors, but the Crabs pounded out three runs in this inning by hard hitting—a triple, two doubles and a single.

This ended the run-getting for the Frogs until the ninth inning when three hits netted them one more run. The Crabs got two in the fifth, one in the sixth, two in the seventh and one in the eighth, thus making a total of 16 to 7.

Ryan took Redfield's place in the box in the sixth inning and immediately cut down the batting averages but he was rather wild, which accounts for the runs made after the fifth inning.

The Frogs had the better of the game so far as errors go but the cold weather seems to make the Frogs, who are somewhat older than the Crabs, rather dormant while the Crabs were unusually active.

In the evening the banquet was held at the Commercial House at the expense of the losers. Covers were laid for twenty eight and after Supreme Conjeunl Frog, Christopher Columbo Jacksonian Democracy Swan bade the guests welcome, all did justice to an ample spread. With the "coffee" and cigars came many short speeches and good stories and when the gathering broke up at a late hour all were satisfied that what the Frogs lacked as ball players they made up as entertainers.

The tabulated score follows:

Frogs	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bell, ss	4	1	1	2	2	0
Studholme 3d-1st	5	2	1	4	2	0
Ryan, 1st-p	5	0	2	5	1	0
Backus, c	5	1	1	8	1	0
G. McCoy, lf	5	0	1	2	0	0
Newman, 2d	4	0	0	0	1	1
Yerdon, cf	1	0	0	0	0	1
O. Hamlin, cf	3	1	1	1	0	1
Burdick, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
H. Redfield, p-3d	4	1	0	2	0	0
Total	36	7	7	24	12	7
Crabs	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
J. L. Morrison, 3d	6	3	2	1	5	4
S. Redfield, 1st	5	2	1	9	0	0
Andrews, 2d	6	5	4	3	4	1
Rubin, ss	4	2	3	3	0	1
Sasse, rf-cf	2	2	1	1	0	0
Choate, cf-rf	5	1	1	0	0	3
C. McCoy, c	5	1	2	6	1	2
Mayo, lf	5	0	0	2	0	0
T. Morrison, p	4	2	2	2	4	0
Total	40	16	16	27	14	11

Score by innings:

Frogs	3	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	—7
Crabs	2	2	3	3	2	1	2	1	*	—16

Innings pitched—by Redfield 5; by Ryan 3.
Two base hits—J. L. Morrison, Rubin, Sasse, Ryan.
Three base hits—Andrews 2.
Stolen bases—J. L. Morrison 2, S. Redfield, Andrews, Rubin 4, Sasse 3, C. McCoy 4, T. Morrison 2, Bell 2, Hamlin, Burdick, H. Redfield.
Bases on balls—Morrison 2, Redfield 5, Ryan 3.
Wild pitches—Morrison, Redfield, Ryan 3.
Struck out—by Morrison 5, Redfield 1, Ryan 4.
Passed balls—Backus 2.
Umpire—N. H. Knapp.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Eldred defeated Mt. Jewett last Friday in a league game at the former place by a score of 20 to 8.

Ralph Davie, an outfielder in the Bolivar team, had a small bone in his right leg broken while sliding to a base in a game at Cuba, N. Y., last week.

The Bolivar Breeze in its account of the Labor Day game in that town says: Denning twirled for the locals, and except for being a little wild at times, he pitched a splendid game, having eight strikeouts and allowing six hits.

While trying to catch a train at Eldred last Friday Benson, Mt. Jewett's pitcher, in some manner fell and cut a bad gash in one of his legs. Upon reaching this borough it was found necessary to summon medical aid and Dr. Hamilton took several stitches to close the wound.

Upon payment of the costs in the Sunday base ball case, the Galeton Law and Order League dropped proceedings against the Austin team. The costs amounted to $39.48. It now looks like a species of graft by a certain Galeton clique, the prosecutors, it is alleged, having formerly been promoters of prize-fights and Sunday base ball games themselves.—Austin Republican.

HOW THEY STAND.

Only the batting averages can be given this week. Next week the fielding averages also will be given and include all of Smethport's league games.

BATTING.

Player	G.	A B	R	H	Ave.
Keefer	15	62	17	23	.371
Stull	8	35	11	13	.371
Estry	6	22	4	8	.364
McCabe	22	98	27	34	.355
Denning	22	87	24	30	.345
Tull	19	84	24	28	.333
Andrews	17	73	22	24	.328
Daniels	22	57	17	17	.298
Fuller	8	32	6	9	.281
Young	14	61	12	16	.263
King	9	31	7	7	.226
Croissant	18	75	13	16	.214
McClure	15	61	9	8	.181
Ramer	10	35	6	4	.114

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Sept. 15, Derrick City at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Derrick City.

Runaway Accident Monday.

Monday afternoon while the Frogs and Crabs were parading to the ball ground a high-spirited team belonging to Hon. Henry Hamlin became frightened at the waving banners and ran away.

The rig was coming down Main street and met the procession in front of the Backus building. The two-seated vehicle was occupied by Mrs. J. H. McCandless, O. J. Hamlin and the driver, Anton Bloomberg. Mr. Hamlin had just alighted with the intention of joining the paraders when the horses commenced to rear and plunge. He hastily assisted Mrs. McCandless from the surrey almost at the instant that the horses wheeled around and started on a wild dash through the vacant lot opposite the court house. Mr. Bloomberg made strenuous efforts to get the team under control but was thrown out and quite badly bruised. The horses broke away from the surrey, which was only slightly damaged, near the Water street sidewalk, and ran up Water street a short distance where they were stopped by becoming entangled in the harness. The team was slightly injured. Mr. Bloomberg's escape from serious injury was remarkable. He was thrown with great force from the vehicle when it ran into a depression, about in the middle of the lot, and struck within a few inches of a tent stake. He was quickly on his feet, however, and soon started in pursuit of the team. There was a crowd of people in the vicinity of the team when the runaway occurred and several of them narrowly escaped being trampled upon by the frightened animals.

Republican Club Organized.

At a meeting held in the office of Prothonotary S. E. Bell Tuesday evening a Republican club, to be known as the Smethport Republican Club, was formed and the following officers elected: President, Burress Moore; vice president, G. B. Mayo; treasurer, R. E. Burdick, and secretary, S. E. Bell.

Much interest was manifested at the meeting and plans were discussed which if carried out will make this organization a permanent one. It is the intention to enroll all Republican voters in the borough and secure comfortable and suitable quarters for a meeting place and club room. An executive committee was appointed consisting of H. H. Redfield, G. B. Mayo, Leo Herzog, Guy H. McCoy and O. J. Hamlin; as was also a committee to enroll members and one to secure quarters.

Although McKean county has always been found in the ranks of the G. O. P., and it is safe to assume that it will be found there at the coming election, still there is opportunity for work in McKean county and in Smethport borough and with a well equipped organization of stalwart Republicans the entire vote can be gotten out for the National, State and county tickets.

The Smethport Republican Club is the first of its kind to be organized in the county.

Tuesday evening's meeting adjourned to meet in the basement of the court house next Monday evening. Every Republican voter is wanted at that meeting. If you have not signified your willingness to become a member do so at this time.

What some of the 1904 students of Warner's Business College are getting per month—$65, $37, $32, $30, $29, $40, $35, $35, $35, $48, $45, $31, $50, $30, $100, $35, $32, $70, $30, $35, $40, $40, $40.

Mantles, Globes, Shades and Fixtures of all kinds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LOVERS' TROUBLES TWO TRUE TALES

As Aired in Justice Knapp's Court During the Week.

A FARMERS VALLEY ROMANCE.

House in the Suburbs "Pulled" on the Complaint of a Disappointed Suitor Everything Ends Happily.

Among the many happenings of the week in police circles these two tales with happy endings are selected.

A ROMANCE OF THE VALLEY.

Two Farmers Valley young men are rivals for the affections of a pretty maid. Last Friday night the favored one decided to take the damsel to the tent show in town. He arrived at her home with a horse and buggy and after the happy pair were seated in the vehicle trouble commenced. The other young man had arrived upon the scene, seized the horse's bridle and refused to let the affair go any further. He is said to have made sundry dark blue threats of a blood-chilling nature and said the girl should not go. However this did not stop the aspirations of the young couple. They were going to gay and giddy Smethport and see the show if it cost them a struggle and eighty-five cents. The forsaken one made the next move in the thrilling situation. He wrenched the coat from the trembling form of the maid and refused to return it. Thus the expedition was temporarily blocked. But the mother of the maid appeared upon the scene and made the fellow afflicted with the green-eyed demon give back the coat. Once more the procession started, but the deserted lover clung to the harness of the steed with grim tenacity and hair-raising eloquence. "Love will find a way," murmured the young man in the buggy and he lambasted the horse with the whip. They broke away all right and came to Smethport where the young man with commendable enterprise told his troubles to a policeman. After seeing the show the couple attended a dance in the suburbs and it was early morn when they reached home—completely frustrating any plans for revenge which the jealous one might have harbored.

Saturday the forsaken fellow was arrested by Constable Jones for surety of the peace and the parties met before Justice Knapp where a truce was arranged and the incident appears to be closed for the present at least.

CAUSED THE ARREST OF HIS SWEETHEART.

Monday night a man named Frank Palmer caused the arrest of Nancy and Minnie Sair, mother and daughter, on the charge of conducting a bawdy house. The women recently moved from the borough into Keating township and now reside on the banks of Potato creek in the vicinity of McKeans' mill.

In the language of the street Palmer has a desperate "case on" Minnie and wishes to make her his bride. But alleging he had discovered evidence that she was untrue to him, his baffled love took the form of a warrant for her arrest, as well as her mother, Nancy.

Constable Jones made the arrest and when he arrived with the women in Justice Knapp's office Nancy suddenly sidestepped and landed a vicious right swing upon Palmer's jaw. She expressed her determination to give him a pair of black eyes, but was suppressed before she could do further damage.

Palmer told at the hearing of the various "goings on" in the house in question. His love for Minnie cropped out of his narrative and he told of various presents he had bestowed upon her and her's.

The women also told their stories and it transpired that Palmer was rather an unwelcome friend of the family. It was related that at one time he entered the house and in a fit of jealous frenzy brutally cut the heels from a pair of brand new stockings, which he had presented to Minnie, and fatally wounded a wash boiler, also a present to his adored one, by viciously stabbing it with a jack knife.

Proceedings were waxing more and more thrilling when Palmer relented and finally agreed to pay the costs if the matter could be settled. So this was the outcome and Palmer took the women to a restaurant and "blew them off" to the best the market afforded, and the evening being chilly, gallantly wrapped his loved one in his coat and they were lost to sight in the shades of the sympathetic night.

E. B. Chase of Eldred has purchased the blacksmith shop of F. D. Perkins on State street and will conduct the shop in the future. Mr. Chase is one of the best blacksmiths in this section and should receive a liberal patronage.

Chi Namel makes your old furniture look better, wear better, than new. The only floor finish that will not mar or turn white. Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Sale—Baby's go-cart in good condition. Apply to Burress Moore, Bank street, Smethport, Pa.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

We stop the press this Thursday morning, October 14, 1875, to announce another terrible visitation upon this borough and county in the sudden death of Sheriff M. N. Powell. He was apparently in perfect health up to within about an hour of the time of his death. He had been up to the court house early in the morning, and when on his way home was taken with a severe pain in the stomach accompanied with dizziness, and was obliged to stop at Wright's hotel. Feeling somewhat better after a short time, he started on home, but was suffering so intensely when he reached his residence that it was thought necessary to summon a physician. When Dr. Freeman arrived he gave him an emetic which immediately produced vomiting. The sheriff then said he felt better and thought he was all right. He had hardly expressed his relief when he fell forward from his chair upon the floor. He was immediately placed upon a sofa, and after breathing a few times died.

Thus suddenly and without warning passed away a kind husband and father, a good citizen, a faithful officer, and an honorable man. We know of no man in the borough or county whose taking off so suddenly would cause more sorrow in a greater number of hearts. He had many friends and no enemies. He was a kind hearted, large souled, sympathetic man, full of generous impulses, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need of it. As sheriff of McKean county during the past three years he has proven a faithful, conscientious and painstaking officer, and though often entrusted with unpleasant duties he has transacted them in a spirit so kindly and generous, yet firm, as to merit the friendship of all parties. No man can say the law was made more rigorous in his hands, and no man can question the good faith and honor of his intentions.

He has only been a resident of our borough during his present term of office, which would have expired on the 1st of next January, yet during that time he had won a place in the kind regard and esteem of all our citizens that will now be sadly vacant. A deep shade of sadness rests upon our borough this bright morning. Each and all of us feel that in the death of Sheriff Powell we have lost a friend. Our heartfelt sympathies go out toward his heartbroken family. May the God of the widow and the fatherless, Who only is able to heal such wounds as their's comfort and bless them in this sad affliction.

Sheriff Powell was fifty years of age at the time of his death. The physicians as yet give no settled opinion as to the cause of his death, and will possibly need to hold a post mortem examination to arrive at a definite conclusion. The funeral services will be held on Sunday, at 10½ a. m.

Last Wednesday night some thieving scoundrel stole from Mr. Geo. Barrett's barn a valuable harness, which he had bought new from the shop but a short time previous, and for which he paid $50. As soon as the loss was discovered he started in search of the thief. He followed him by a very circuitous route as far as Gowanda, N. Y., and there lost all clue of him. The fellow carried the harness on his back rolled up in a large oil cloth, made to look like a peddler's pack. It is believed by some to be the work of one of an organized band of thieves with members in every small town.

Oviatt-Kimball—Married at the residence of the bride's father, on Sunday, Oct. 10, 1875, by Rev. S. G. Morris, Mr. John E. Oviatt and Miss Hattie Kimball, all of Norwich township. The printer was bountifully remembered, for which we tip our well worn beaver gracefully and gratefully.

Jonathan Colegrove, Jr., of Norwich township lost a valuable pair of horses by being run over by a coal train on the McK. & B. Railroad one day last week. As near as we can learn the horses were running at large, and wandered upon the track through a gap that had been left open in the fence. One horse was killed outright and the other was so badly injured that he was worthless. It is a serious loss to Mr. Colegrove.

The residence of A. R. Fowler, situated about a mile and a half west of Eldred, was burned to the ground Saturday afternoon, October 23, 1875. The family were all at home at the time, but the fire had caught in the garret and was not noticed until the roof fell in. The son and the hired man had a short time before gone out in the field to their work. Most of the furniture downstairs was saved, with the exception of bedsteads and coverings. All of their winter clothing was burned. The house was a new one and a very pleasant home. Insurance on house $1500 and $300 on the furniture. It was one of the best finished and most substantial buildings in that vicinity.

Wanted—A capable girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton.

Stone for County Bridge.

The Williamsport Sun, which is published in the region swept by the floods last spring, calls attention to the address of a Pennsylvania judge to the grand jury of his district, recently, in which the use of stone or cement, instead of wood or iron, was recommended for the construction of bridges over small streams.

Our Williamsport contemporary favors the proposition unreservedly. It is interested in the subject, because, "in Lycoming county there are many bridges over small streams, and these streams have an ugly habit of periodically boiling over, to the damage if not the destruction of the bridges." It is confident that if the iron bridges now used to span these streams were replaced, when swept away by stone or cement structures, "the danger from destruction by flood would be practically removed." It finds, further, that a stone bridge would cost about as much to build as an iron one, but could be kept in repair for much less.

If all this is true, and we have no reason to doubt it, the county commissioners throughout the State certainly have reason to consider the proposition. If they can promote the ease of the taxpayers in traveling from point to point, and at the same time save them money, it is surely their duty to do so.

Perhaps the stone bridge is a part of the good roads movement.

War News.

Inactivity of the opposing armies of Russia and Japan continues, and no fighting of a general character is reported. Information coming from an authoritative source in St. Petersburg, is that the Russians will winter at Harbin, but the fact that there probably will be two months of good weather for military operations before extreme cold weather sets in, leaves room for a revision of this purpose in the light of events that may transpire. The Japanese are reported to be collecting taxes and otherwise administering affairs in Manchuria, as though the country were conquered territory. The publication of Gen. Kuropatkin's report of the fighting from August 26, until the retreat upon Mukden, has created a better feeling in St. Petersburg. The report distinctly places upon Gen. Orloff the responsibility for the failure to hold the heights in the vicinity of Sykwantum, and so check the Japanese advance.—Bradford Era.

Jumped From a Window.

The presence of an officer caused a man who was conducting a quiet little game in a well known business block to leap from the second story window last night to avoid being captured. The officer had been informed that a poker game was in progress in one of the back rooms of the building. He went to the room and rapped at the door which was opened. The eight players were much surprised to see the brass buttons, and as an edict had been issued against gambling the man who conducted the game knew what was in store for him if he was caught, so he deliberately jumped out of the second story window and succeeded in lighting on his feet and made good his escape. The officer ran to the window expecting to see him badly hurt, but such was not the case as the man made a successful leap for liberty. The patrons of the game were allowed to depart.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Bids for Highway.

The county commissioners have received copies of bids which have been opened by the State Highway commission, for constructing of a state road in Foster Brook valley. The lowest bid is $26,978, submitted to R. B. Malone & Co., Lancaster, Pa. The road will be 16 feet wide, slightly over three miles in length and will be constructed as follows: Bottom layer to be of five inches of Telford paving; three inches of three inch crushed rock; two inches of 1½ inch crushed rock. Each of the courses is to be made solid and compact with a roller of not less than six tons' weight. The cost of the work will be paid by Foster township, McKean county and the State of Pennsylvania, in accordance with a recent law governing highway improvements. The highway will run from East Bradford to Gillmor.—Bradford Record.

Clermont Man Killed.

James Burlingame, a woodsman, a resident of Clermont, McKean county, and who was employed at Sinnemahoning, was literally cut to pieces near that place a few evenings ago by passenger train No. 4 on the P. R. R. The man's left leg was found about thirty feet from the body, the right leg was severed near the knee, and many bones in his body were crushed and broken and the flesh horribly torn. Mr. Burlingame was 25 years of age and unmarried. How the fatal accident occurred is unknown.—Potter Enterprise.

Lost—Lady's gold watch, with bird's nest and eggs engraved on case, between Duke Centre and Smethport, via Eldred, on Monday. $5.00 reward if returned to this office.

Spratt's Patent Dog Cakes and Remedies of all kinds. Holmes & Gilfillan.

In the Tower

By Elliot Walker

Copyright, 1903, by St. Peter

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by, Jack?" The little woman's flush of irritation still burned hotly in her round cheeks, despite the appealing brown eyes. Her voice was half reproachful, half indignant.

The operator hesitated, biting his lip. His face, too, bore traces of wrath. Their first quarrel had been a sharp passage, and he, being slower of tongue, now stood at the door, with an angry sense of defeat.

A chance for a parting stab. He hoped it would hurt. It hurt him more than he expected.

"No! I'm not," he burst out gruffly. "We'll skip that, Kate. You women think a man can be made a target for whatever you choose to say and then brought around at will. I'm not that sort."

As he stamped down the steps he heard her sob, paused, shook his head resolutely and went on to his post.

The signal tower looked gloomy enough in the blackness of the lowering winter evening. Lawson slipped on the frosty tracks as he glanced up at the light glaring from the window. From the heavy, settling sky flakes of snow were beginning to whiten the tops of the dismal string of empty freight cars on the siding.

"It's going to be a nasty storm," the man muttered, climbing the stairway. "Four hours before Bourne shows up. Well, Harry will be glad to go home to his wife. I wish—no, I don't. I'd rather be here than uncomfortable in the house with a jangling woman. Is that what I am going to get for expressing my opinion of mother-in-law's prospective visit? She shan't come!"

"Hello, Jack! You're a welcome sight. I was getting nervous. Really it's pretty poky sitting here alone. Every time the instrument calls I think, 'There's trouble.' Poor Dickson! Who do you suppose killed him, Jack—a gang or some ruffian? All alone in the tower, never dreaming of such a thing, and then—great heavens! I wouldn't take your job for $10 a night. You ought to have some one with you."

"Pshaw, Harry!" Lawson threw off his coat. "You need seasoning, boy. Dickson's was a case of a man who carried a wad and bragged of it; bound to lose his money some time. That might have occurred on the street or in his bed; merely happened to be convenient to nab him at his table. Tough? I know, but when you've been ten years in this business one poor devil going suddenly isn't a subject to get nervous prostration over. The big accidents are what shake a chap."

"But the way of it, Jack. The idea"—

"Oh, trot along home, lad. There's nothing to attract marauders except my good looks. No one will bother me. Often some fellow drops in for a chat, and Bourne relieves me at midnight. Much obliged for your 'spelling' me, Harry. It gives me a chance for supper at the house, and when a man's married"—He stopped with a shrug of his broad shoulders, adding in a different tone, "All clear?"

"All clear, Jack. Everything on time. No. 78 went through at 9:45. Fast freight due to pass in ten minutes. Goodby! Take care of yourself."

"Likely boy," commented Lawson, filling his pipe and sitting down. "Good as any of 'em already; safe and level headed. Got nervous, did he? Not the only one on the line, I guess. We all carry a 'pop' now. I must say it's a handy companion."

He ticked off a message, rose, gazed out, grinned, felt of his hip pocket and scowled.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "I forgot it. Confound Kate! She drove everything out of my head."

Nothing but his "good looks." The man who stepped inside a half hour later to greet the operator cordially and to seat himself ungracefully was not in search of money.

Lawson supposed Sharpson was "over it." Lately the disappointed lover had appeared very friendly, even to calling twice at the house. Kate had made him welcome. It was nonsense, the way Sharpson had acted before the wedding, but his eccentric temper only rendered him a butt for ridicule. A short, thickset, slouching man, black, of sparse beard and small, close set eyes, he held but sorry chances in the lists with John Lawson. A foolish conceit, surely, that Kate Bartley cared for him and would have been his but for the arrival of the big stranger from Wheeler Junction, who promptly and effectively captured the affections of the ticket agent's daughter. Six months now and the wrath of Sharpson forgotten.

"Bad night," remarked that gentleman, brushing his sleeves. "Thought I'd drop in a moment and warm up before my train."

"Where are you bound for? 'Tisn't much of a night for a walk."

"Right it isn't. Oh, I've got to go clear out to Dashell's. He's sick, and I'm on his beat. Some things I wanted to ask him."

"That's a lonely stretch," blamed longsome road. Say, you go by that Polish settlement, don't you? Say, they're an ugly gang, all down on everybody connected with the road. Better carry a gun, I would."

"Can't do it," he considered. "Wish I could, but I have no use to the boss at 9 o'clock. All right, Jack. It ain't safe for one of us fellers to go trailing out there in the dark. I've no weapon with me, say, I'll be back by 11 o'clock. You couldn't spare me your gun till then, could you? I suppose you've got one."

"Seth, I left the fellow thing at home. Came away in a hurry and never thought of it. Too bad. Of course I'd have let it go to you. Been glad to. Go around to the house and ask Kate for it."

The caller looked down, shaking his head. "No," said he, "it's a fifteen minute walk and out of my way. I'll step along, I guess, and take my chances before it gets later. The wind is rising, from the way those wires hum. I'll be going, Jack, and maybe drop in on my return. You're a lucky dog to be housed and warm. I'll think of you when I'm rubbing my ears."

He laughed strangely, turned up the collar of his heavy ulster, nodded and departed.

Outside Sharpson did not start in the direction of Dashell's remote home. Instead he picked his way across the tracks and climbed into an empty car. "They'll meet me here," he growled. "I've luck for once!"

An hour later Lawson turned as the door opened softly.

"Kate!" he cried, startled. "What's the matter?"

"I've brought your pistol, Jack. I got to worrying. I'm sorry, dear. Won't you kiss me, now?"

"There! There!" soothed the man, all his anger vanished, as she quivered and sobbed in his arms. "You should never have come out in this storm. Alone too. I'll have to keep you till Bourne arrives. We will sit here and 'make up.'" He laughed and kissed her fervently.

The big revolver was in his right hand as he playfully pushed her from his knee with his left, bidding her remove the damp cloak, and he faced the door as it again swung open to admit three masked figures pushing in hastily.

A cool man was Lawson, quick and an unerring marksman. He took no chances.

A woman's scream echoed above the deafening explosions. Through the smoke and loud over the heavy groans from the huddled heap rose the steady voice of the operator: "Keep quiet, girl! I've nailed the whole bunch!"

Striding to the sprawled figures, he tore at the masks roughly.

"Oh, my, my!" came his shocked words. "One of them's Sharpson! I—I don't understand. Those other men are a couple of brutes from the Polish settlement."

After help had arrived in response to his startling message, and the man who could whisper kept muttering, Lawson bent his head to catch the husky murmur:

"I've was paid to do it."

"Eh?" said the operator. "By the man who robbed Dickson?"

The muffled shock of a head moved affirmatively.

A pale faced young man hurried to Lawson's side. "Your wife is asking for you, Jack. Better take her home. I'll tend to the work. Ain't this awful?"

"Might have been worse," answered his friend grimly. "Much obliged, Harry. I'll get this little woman right out. Sharpson's gone, the others will live. Say, boy, if you ever refuse to kiss your wife goodby, just forget to take along your gun."

Harry stared at him, not comprehending, but he knows that story now, and every man on the D. P. and L. system has told his wife the tale of Kate Lawson's goodby kiss and how she saved her husband.

NAST'S SURPRISE.

Dramatic Climax In the Convention Which Nominated Grant.

In May, 1868, the Republican national convention came along. Nast went to Chicago to be present.

It was settled beforehand that General Grant was to be the Republican presidential candidate. The great soldier had maintained a calm and noble dignity through all the trying days of conflict between congress and Andrew Johnson and was now honored almost as much for his diplomacy as for his success at arms. Indeed the mantle of sweet renown left by Lincoln would seem to have been laid upon the shoulders of Grant, and he wore it with becoming grandeur and humility.

Realizing that the convention would name Grant as its choice, Nast prepared a little surprise for the event. He painted upon a large curtain the White House entrance, with two pedestals, one on each side, bearing the words, "Republican Nominee, Chicago, May 20," and "Democratic Nominee, New York, July 4," respectively. On the Republican pedestal was seated the figure of Grant, while Columbia stood pointing to the empty place opposite. Below were the words, "Match Him!"

This curtain, with a blank curtain before it, was suspended at the back of the convention stage. At the instant when General Grant was announced as the unanimous presidential choice of his party the blank curtain was lifted, and the great cartoon, "Match Him!" was suddenly exposed to full view.

The occurrence was so unexpected that the throng was silent for a moment, taking it in; then, realizing that it was a spectacular climax, the pictorial expression of a universal sentiment, the assembled multitude gave vent to an enthusiasm that turned the great hall into a pandemonium of exultation.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Pearson's.

Peel Your Fruit.

The skins of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable or digestible or are unhealthy in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes which have penetrated into the covering of the fruit. Everybody has noticed that at times a slight scratch will create a considerable sore on the human body. It is generally ascribed to an unhealthy condition of the blood, but a close microscopical examination will show that it is due to the presence of microbes thus introduced into the system. So with an apple, a peach, a pear or a grape. The fruit may be perfectly sound and healthy, but on the skin or covering may be microbes which, introduced into the human system, will breed disease. These germs are not uncommon; neither are they always present. It is possible to eat this covering without injury, but the danger is such that it is best not to incur the risk.

Children soon learn that it is father who has the money and mother who has the generous disposition.—Atchison Globe.

FORCE OF LIGHTNING

SOME OF THE FEATS PERFORMED BY THE MYSTIC FLUID.

The Way Great Masts of Ships Have Been Shattered—When a Bolt Strikes a Tree It Generates Steam From the Sap and Explodes the Bark.

The explosive force of lightning acting on dead wood is not, as a rule, so great as when living trees are struck, though Sir William Harris shows that "the masts of ships of the line, three feet in diameter and 100 feet long, bound with hoops of iron 6 in an inch thick and five inches wide, the whole weighing about eighteen tons, have been in many instances torn asunder and the hoops of iron scattered about the decks." It will be found, as a rule, that trees are struck by lightning far more often than are buildings, even if the trees and buildings are close together. This is partly because the trees are higher.

But there must probably be some unknown reason not only for the frequency with which trees are struck, but for the recurrence of such shocks in the case of particular trees or trees in the same locality. The commonest form of injury is that the current passes down the bark of the tree, stripping off the bark, wider or narrower, from top to bottom. Sometimes on an oak two or three of these lightning marks are seen, evidently caused at different times.

There must be something in the form or situation or earth below the trees which endangers it. An instance is quoted in Mr. Anderson's descriptive book of the Church of St. Mary in Genoa, which was frequently struck by lightning, sometimes as often as twice a year. It was noticed that the electric force always followed the same track. It was discovered later that the walls were clamped with iron, and that the lightning had followed the patch in which the metal offered the greatest continuity, destroying the zone between.

If the ground below the tree or building is hard and dry, the contact with the earth, in which the lightning expends its force and disperses, is difficult, and the destruction of the object struck is likely to result. This may explain the frequency with which a "blasted" tree is seen extending its dead arms on the summit of some rocky cliff or peak. The ground below it is dry and does not easily lead away the current into the earth.

At the same time thunderclouds undoubtedly tend to discharge, or perhaps it would be safer to say that the transmission from the cloud to the earth more frequently takes place, near pieces of water and along the courses of rivers than elsewhere.

In a park in one of the eastern counties of England there is a large lake. The park contains more trees struck by lightning than the whole of the rest of the estate. Some miles away is a road called locally the "Lightning road" from the frequency with which accidents have occurred there either to trees, horses, cattle or passengers. In this park there recently occurred an instance of the explosive effect in certain circumstances not perfectly known.

A very tall spruce, probably 100 feet high, was "exploded" from top to bottom into pieces the size of the wood used in making chairs. Every shred of bark was stripped from them, and the wood looked as if it had been shredded up for firing. A similar instance occurred some years ago when an oak in the grove below the foot of the White lodge in Richmond park exploded under lightning shock. The bark flew off and simply disappeared in small patches, and the rest of the tree was shattered into white fragments.

In these cases it is probable that the current sets up such a tremendous heat that all the sap in the tree is converted into superheated steam, which explodes. The greater the heat the more of the cells in which moisture lies are exploded and the greater the destruction of the tissues of the tree. As there is most moisture between the bark and the trunk the first and greatest explosion takes place there, instantly driving the bark away into space. Frequently the explosion only takes place at that point.

As Sir Hiram Maxim pointed out after the great explosion of Mont Pelee, a very similar method is now used by the American manufacturers of wood pulp. The logs of fir are placed in a strong chamber, and these subjected to the action of superheated steam until the water in every cell is converted into explosive gas. The chamber is then opened and the log explodes, converting itself into wood powder.—London Spectator.

Egyptian Weather.

As a topic of conversation the weather is banished with infamy in Egypt. It is never mentioned—except by a fool. I am not saying this maliciously, for I was that fool often enough. More than once on being introduced to Europeans I would pass the usual compliments and add, "What a charming day it is!" I got more than one withering look of contempt for this species of crass forgetfulness. Why, the sun shines like a ball of fire for eight months each year, and there is practically no variation in the weather. In my diary I read the following entries: "Beautiful morning;" "Beautiful morning again;" "Another beautiful morning;" "Oh, bother, they are all beautiful mornings here, so I must take it for granted."—Alexandria Correspondence.

Reversed.

"Mrs. Closely, do you still maintain your rules as to when the servants must be in at night?"

"Certainly. The only difference is that the cook now makes the rules."—Detroit Free Press.

harmless headache cure. It has been prescribed by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as Bromo-Pepsin. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, Bromo-Pepsin is equally and as promptly effective in checking any indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is entirely safe and pleasant to take and may be had of all merchants druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

AN INDIAN JOKER.

Kickingberg's Power, Which Dr. Rose Made No Attempt to Answer.

"It is a notorious fact that there are but few humorists among the many thousands of Indians in this country, and I therefore regard it as a distinction to have enjoyed the friendship of a red man who was a wag in every sense of the word," observed a former member of congress from Ohio, in conversation with a friend.

"The 'wag' to whom I refer was known as Kickingberg and was a Kiowa. He was a fine, handsome and tall specimen of Indian manhood. He and myself became fast friends and often dined together.

"I recall an incident in which Kickingberg played a part. It was an important conference between Dr. Rose of Philadelphia and a delegation of Kiowas and was held almost within the shadow of Fort Sill. In the course of his remarks Dr. Rose urged the red man to follow in the steps of the industrious white man—to get a piece of land, till it, raise a family and become a citizen of whom the community might be proud. At the conclusion of his remarks Dr. Rose announced that he was willing to be interrogated.

"Kickingberg took the floor. He said, 'Why don't white men do as white man says?' Raising his arm and pointing to Fort Sill he continued, saying: 'Lots white men there not no squaws, no farm, they carry guns!'

"Dr. Rose was dumfounded. It would have been certain death to have truthfully explained to the Indians the reason for the station of the troops at Fort Sill. And so Dr. Rose made no attempt to answer the question, which had a demoralizing effect upon the conference.

"A day or two later I met Kickingberg. I inquired why he made such a speech and told him he had done wrong. He nearly went into convulsions with laughter and regarded his act as a great joke. Recovering himself he said:

"'I know doctor could not answer question. I know, same as doctor, government keeps 2,000 soldiers at fort to shoot us down if we don't behave.'"—Washington Star.

Artemus Ward's Protector.

While in the show business in Pennsylvania Artemus Ward was put to sleep in an attic where the sash had been taken out for ventilation. In the night it turned cold. Artemus got up and was busy at the window. "What are you doing, Artemus?" his companion asked. "I'm so e-cold," he chattered. "I was hanging up some of these boop-skirts. I thought they'd keep the coarsest of the cold out."

Cruel.

Miss Passay—Yes, and when he proposed I tried hard not to let him have any encouragement in my face, but he did. Miss Peppery—Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines.

Amended.

He—You are the only She—Mean He—I should say—you are the sweetest girl I ever loved.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

A Pennsylvania Man has no more use for Canes.

Mr. O. D. Culver, of Silvara, Pa., writes: "I am 75 years of age. For 25 years I suffered from a lame back and rheumatism. Last summer (in 1903) it settled in the muscles of my limbs, so I had to use two canes to get up or down, or to walk a step. I have doctored all the time, but to no avail. I began the faithful use of Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. David Kennedy's new medicine, and the results are wonderful. I have no backache now, and I feel first class. I can't praise Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, too much." All druggists, $1.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $45,000.00

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under courts and personal appointment.

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Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a splendid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leininger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh
Salt or
Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

$50,000.00

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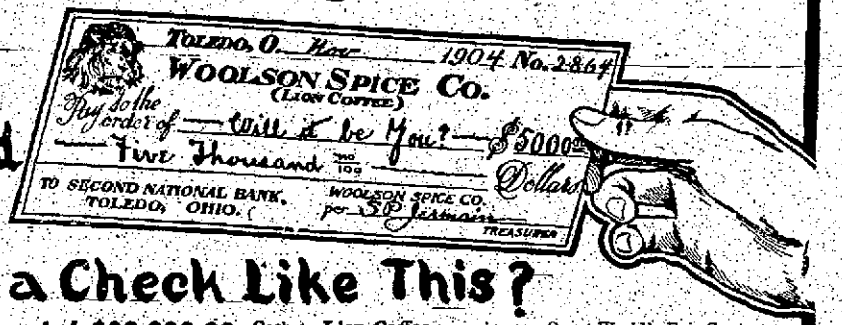
In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums



How Would You Like a Check Like This?

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes—200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES.	TOTAL.	$20,000.00

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Often leads to poverty. No real woman ever sold her heart for the luxuries of life. But many a woman who has gladly faced poverty for the man she loved, may well doubt her wisdom when pain becomes the mate of poverty. If she were rich, she thinks, she could find a way of cure.

$500 REWARD! FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

The proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"You have my heartfelt thanks for your kind advice to me," writes Mrs. Geo. Fletcher, of 106 Victoria Avenue, Galt, Ontario. "Was troubled with catarrh of uterus for over a year. The doctors said I would have to go through an operation, but I remembered how Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also his 'Lotion Tablets' and 'Antiseptic and Healing Suppositories.' Now I am completely cured, after using six bottles of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am glad to say his medicine has made me a new woman."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., by letter, *free*.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are easy and pleasant to take. A most effective laxative.

THE BIG STORE

Has a new stock of

GLASS and ENAMELWARE.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Butter Crocks etc. : : : : : : : : :

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 15, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Ladies will be interested in The Lindholm Co.'s change of ad.

—Yellow Trading Stamp books must be in by Sept. 22nd. See ad in another column.

—Eldred Belgians are introducing the game of hand ball into this section of the country.

—Now you see it; now you don't. Things more than lively in the trick comedy, "Uncle Hez." At the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—The "How old is Ann" man has broken loose again. Here it is: When to-morrow is yesterday, to-day will be as far from the week as was to-day from the beginning of the week when yesterday was to-morrow. What is to-day?

—"Tennyson as a Prophet and His Message for Our Age," is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "Forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors" is the morning subject.

—"Hank" Hall, arrested on a charge of brutally beating and kicking a dog preferred by the Humane society, was given a hearing Friday night before Alderman Thomas. He was fined $20 and costs, and in default of the necessary amount of money he will be taken to the Smethport jail.—Bradford Star.

—Frank S. Davidson as "Old Farmer Hopkins," supported by a pretty good company pleased a large audience at the Lyceum Saturday night. Mr. Davidson appears to improve with age, which is more than can be said of some of his jokes. The band and orchestra, carried by this company are especially good.

—A St. Louis man has bet his life against five dollars that Theodore Roosevelt will be elected president. In case Parker is elected the man agrees to jump from a high bridge into a river, thereby ending his life. Of course he will not have to make the jump, but the bet was a dang fool one just the same, says an exchange.

—The Irene Jeavons company closed its tent season in Smethport last Saturday night and is the attraction at the new opera house in Shingle House this week. The company was well patronized and gave general satisfaction while here. Mr. Jeavons says the show expects to start its season under canvas in Smethport sometime next June.

Australian Rabbits.

"The rabbit of my country," said an Australian, "will light a circular saw, and that is one of the chief reasons why our government has been offering for years an immense sum of money to the man whose cleverness will rid us of the pest. There is no dog over there gritty enough to give them combat.

"In some remote sections of Australia we have a rabbit which is nearly the equal of the panther in size and which when aroused will whip any panther or other species of wildcat of its size as easily as a cat will crush a mouse. They carry off pigs, poultry and young sheep to their mountain lairs, and there is a tradition that they have, when assailed by hunger, attacked full grown men. At any rate, the people of these districts dread them to such an extent that they never fail to carry their trusty rifles along, even when paying neighborly calls.

"It is the odium these fighting bunnies have brought on the rabbit family that makes Australia so eager to be rid of the beasts. I suppose the kind you have in the States are quite bad enough, but for heaven's sake never allow any of our terrors to land on your soil lest they propagate and make for you the same miserable rabbit problem that has worried us so long."—Washington Post.

Undignified but Cool Official.

A humble French official who was sent to one of the hottest departments of France found his bureau a perfect furnace until he had a brilliant idea. He improvised a cistern and sat in it all day. The public came into his office and panted, but he was up to his armpits in water, cool and comfortable. Nobody minded; it was thought very clever of him, and he grew in the local esteem. But one day there came an inspector whose business it was to maintain the dignity of the public service. He stood aghast. What! A registrar sitting in a cistern? It was a stigma on the republic. The case was reported to Paris, and the offender was on the point of being dismissed when a cynic suggested a more humorous punishment. "Send him to Algeria!" Even the cisterns are hot in that climate.—London Chronicle.

A Heated Argument.

A man who was charged with assaulting his wife pleaded that he had only had a heated argument with her. It afterward transpired that the "heated argument" consisted of his beating his wife with a redhot poker.—London Tit-Bits.

The cow tree of Venezuela yields a palatable grayish milk which hardens into a toothsome gum.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Confederate Coat.

There was only one complete die made for the purpose of coining money by the Confederate States of America—that for a one cent piece, which was made by Lovett, the Philadelphia engraver, in 1861. After he had finished the dies Mr. Lovett found that he was unable to send them to the persons who had ordered the work done, and, becoming alarmed, he "struck off" several nickel cents and then promptly pounded both coins and dies. For twelve long years the engraver kept his secret, which was finally revealed through an accident. One day in 1873 he went to the hiding place of the rare coins and selected one for a pocket piece and within the month passed it out unknowingly to Haseltine, the Philadelphia restaurant keeper. This man, knowing the piece to be Lovett's work, sent it to J. C. Randall, the coin collector. After some little trouble Haseltine and Randall succeeded in buying the die, and from it they struck fifty-five copper pieces, twelve in silver and seven in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the die, and coin dealers now hold Confederate cents at a very high figure.

Head Seats.

It is not well for sedentary workers to sit on cushions. In men, owing chiefly to his erect carriage, there is a strong development of the muscles of the pelvis and the thighs, which almost completely clothe the strong bones of that region. In the seated position, to obviate undue pressure, nature has provided a proper cushion over these bones. Hyrtl's saying is well known, "We sit on the fat of the seat as on a mattress."

In sitting on a smooth and hard surface the body rests upon three main points, but in sitting on a soft cushion pressure is imparted to the muscles and interferes with the circulation in all their parts.

Great attention has been paid to this matter in the construction of bicycle saddles and, speaking generally, with very beneficial results. Nothing can be said against a certain amount of covering, if not too yielding, but the office stool, properly shaped, is an excellent seat.—Pearson's Weekly.

Food Aversions.

Cows' milk is said to be abhorred by the Japanese, and rabbits are never eaten by the Abyssinians, who explain that rabbits are too much like big rats. The natives of the Sandwich Islands would not take caviare for a gift. Cheese in Mexico is simply curds desiccated and pressed in pancake shape, and even then it is patronized only by the Caucasian colonists. The half breeds accept it with hesitation, and a two ounce slice of limburger would stampede a tribe of mountain Indians. They resent it as a practical joke in questionable taste. But why the Koreans eschew ice cream, as a traveler reports is the case, is less easy to explain. Perhaps they share the Japanese prejudice against dairy products or the Chinese predilection for superheated nibbits.

A Queer Italian Custom.

On Aug. 1 of every year the people of Val di Rosa, in Italy, gather in the great square, which is also a thrashing floor, and proceed to exorcise the devil for the benefit of their own dreams and for the well being of their vineyards. The most intelligent man in the community is chosen master of ceremonies. A small fire balloon is made ready and to this the master of ceremonies solemnly attaches a puppet representing his Satanic majesty. Amid the shouts of the peasantry the balloon, with the devil attached, is liberated. The good people believe that for the rest of the year the evil one will not disturb their dreams or damage the vintage.

Fungus Slippers.

Before the discovery of lucifer matches a large hoof shaped fungus growing on the trunks of trees was used throughout northern Europe for making amadou or tinder. The thick, brown, woody flesh of the same fungus, cut into slices and beaten until it assumes the appearance of felt, is used at the present day in Germany for the manufacture of chest protectors, cuffs, purses, bedroom slippers and various other articles.

One Exception.

"Papa, is the hand that rocks the cradle the one that rules the world?"

"That's what I've heard."

"Well, I know one that don't."

"Who is it?"

"Nurse. She wanted to go downtown, and mamma told her she'd fire her if she went and wouldn't give her no recommendation." — Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Chronic Habit.

"No," said the man who had recently made his fourth pilgrimage to the matrimonial altar; "I can't say that marriage is a failure."

"Of course not," rejoined his bachelor friend. "With you it is merely a habit."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Then He Went.

Father (at head of stairs)—Ethel, what time is it? Ethel (in drawing room)—It's a quarter past 10, father. Father—All right. Don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast.

An Anxious Query.

A certain New York restaurant has become famous for its high prices. At the entrance a man just leaving, having paid his bill, was recently overheard to ask the waiter, "I say, do you charge anything for going out?"

Generously Thoughtful.

Ragson Tatters—Say, boss, gimmie the price of a meal. I'm nearly starved. Stingiman—Can't do it, my poor fellow, but the next man you ask may, so here's a toothpick.—Exchange.

Duff's College

Offers a Broad-Winning Education — Educating young men and women to meet the demand of this progressive commercial age. For Catalogue address P. DUFF & SONS, 6th St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

Shopkeepers' Underfed Children.

In every big town the children of the slums habitually go to school improperly fed. Many of them are not only improperly fed, but the food they do get is far too little in quantity. In the hard winter season, when the building trades are idle, many again go to school either with no food at all or having only stayed their hunger in the morning with a crust of dry bread. In sharp, frosty weather it is a common experience for teachers in the elementary schools of the poorer parts of our great towns—I have often seen it—to find children suddenly seized with vomiting. This is not so much caused by the fact that the stomach is upset as that it has revolted against the effect of the cold upon its empty condition. And not only is this state of things true of the poorer parts of the big towns. It is also true of many of the agricultural villages. Let a visitor to a village elementary school look closely at the children. They are in many cases flabby and pale. They need more nourishing food. A breakfast of "kettle broth," a bit of bread and treacle and some abominably poor tea—these form the three meals daily.—Dr. T. J. McNamara, M. P., in Nineteenth Century.

Athletics and Consumption.

There must be no exercise as exercise for the consumptive patient. If you are able and feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know, I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die who began work in a gymnasium and by violent exercise entirely recovered their health. When the lung tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals. If it heals at all, by fibrous scar material filling in the cavity. No how lung tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken or you "expand the lungs" you have to work the lung tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar material useless for breathing when it does get well.—Everybody's Magazine.

The French Archives.

The archives so magnificently housed in the Hotel de Rohan form one of the most interesting sights of Paris. Here, bound in white calf, thousands of folios contain the history of France, dating from the Capet and Valois kings, all documents being classified under four heads, administrative, historic, legislative and judiciary. Among minor objects of interest not shown to visitors without special permission is the table on which Robespierre, wounded, was placed in the Hotel de Ville on the eve of Thermidor and the inventory of Marie Antoinette's wardrobe, with patterns of her dresses, and also of Mme. Elizabeth's. Insignificant indeed would the collection appear beside that of a fashionable lady of today. In these historic premises, busy as bees, indefatigable searchers are continually at work.—Westminster Gazette.

Baltimore, Ireland.

Baltimore, in Maryland, gets its name from a small and unostentatious fishing village in Ireland. The word Baltimore signifies the "village that grew up about the big house," and the derivation is plain when one sees the ivy covered ruins of the very remarkable big house that was once the stronghold of the O'Driscolls. It is situated upon an imposing height, a sentinel over the numerous little dwellings that have sprung up and increased in the vicinity of its wrecked and deserted life. From the village of Baltimore enormous catches of mackerel are sent to America.—Exchange.

Read His Own Banns.

A distinguished English churchman tells this in M. A. P.: "The vicar of Swanscombe was a very eccentric man. I remember—indeed, who could ever forget it?—that he once read out his own banns of marriage with a lady who had not only not consented to marry him, but whom he had never asked to do so. He did this for two Sundays. On the third her father rose and formally objected to such a ridiculous proceeding."

Waiting His Turn.

"Well, Jack," said his chum after Jack had proposed to the most popular girl in the town, "is it all right?"

"Well," said Jack ruefully, "I can hope—that's all."

"What did she say?"

"She said she'd file my proposal with all the others and consider it when she got down to it."

His Lack of Tact.

Barnes—Howes is a pretty good sort of fellow. Shedd—Yes, but he hasn't got any tact. At the restaurant the other day he asked me if I was fond of cats, and I was eating rabbit stew at the time! The idea of asking such a question at such a time as that!—Boston Transcript.

Eminently Qualified.

Practical Aunt—Do you think you are qualified to become the wife of a poor man? The Confident Girl—Oh, yes; it's all settled. We are to live in a cottage, and I know how to make cottage pudding already.

The Servant Problem.

"What has been the greatest difficulty with which you have had to contend, Mrs. Kinder, in your struggle with the servant girl problem?"

"Preventing the good ones getting married."

The poor people of Barbadoes subsist principally on sugar cane, sweet potatoes and flying fish.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

GOT EVERYBODY GUESSING.

Business World is Asking How it is That a Corning, N. Y., Concern Can Sell Choice Family Groceries Cheaper Than All Competitors—The Real Reason.

Grocer—to former customer: "How is it, Mr. Wright, that I don't get your trade any more?"

Mr. W.: "Well, to be frank, I am now buying this Signature Line from Brown over here as you don't keep them. My wife sent and got the catalog of a big Corning concern and we spent about a week o' evenings studying it. It stated that this concern had been handling choice groceries, teas, coffees, household supplies, etc., for more'n 60 years. It said that their long experience had prepared them to handle goods at the least expense and their big capital enabled them to buy large quantities of merchandise for the least money. Then it went on to tell how they had originated what they call 'Signature Brands' of groceries. This 'Signature' business kind o' bothered Mandy and me at first, but Cora—that's our eldest daughter who had just graduated from the High school—explained that the 'Signature Brands' are choice family groceries put up in sealed packages by this firm. This, she said, guarantees both quantity and quality and absolute cleanliness. The firm's name is written across their seal on each package and stands for quality and character in the goods. These signatures are to be saved, as each one is valuable according to the amount of goods one buys. For instance, eight signatures cut from packages of Old Holland Coffee the firm puts up are equal to 400 points. These points are accepted in payment for any one of a list of 800 premiums. Thus each signature is valuable."

Grocer: "What's the name of this concern?"

Mr. W.: "C. R. Maltby Company of Corning, N. Y."

Grocer: "You ought to have experience enough by this time to know that they add the cost of these premiums to the price of the goods they sell."

Mr. W.: "It's natural for you, being in the same line o' business, to think that way. We did too, at first, but seein' as how we actually got better and more tea, coffee, flour, etc., in these 'Signature Brands,' we had to change our minds. Since we get these groceries cheaper 'n we ever got any before, Mandy 'lows that the premiums in silverware, cut glass, chinaware, furniture, etc., are purty convenient things to have and are clear gain. These we get in exchange for the signature which is written on each package."

Grocer: "Somebody has to pay for these premiums and the chances are they are a snide lot anyway."

Mr. W.: "We were suspicious of them at first, but in their catalog it said that every article had been carefully selected and is of standard value and many of them are made specially for The C. R. Maltby Company. We asked our bank about this house and they told us there is none better and that their word is as good as their bond. We then began to use their 'Signature Brand' of groceries; we sent in the signatures and got a set o' silverware and other things and they are as pretty as a big, red apple and have never tarnished. By using their goods exclusively, the signatures accumulate rapidly and we get a lot of premiums."

Grocer: "You seem to have been studying this question of getting high-class groceries for the least money."

Mr. W.: "Yes, and there are others. The time is here when the women folks are going to buy where they can get the best goods for the least money. Don't you forget it!"

For sale by Gallup Grocery Company, Smethport, and G. W. King, East Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce. We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 15, 1904.

THERE is every reason to believe that Hon. Frank W. Higgins of Olean will be nominated on the Republican ticket for Governor of New York at Saratoga to-day.

MAINE gave the Republican state ticket 50,000 plurality at the election this week. This, with Vermont's 32,000, is a pretty good indication that Parker need not look for any landslides in his direction from the New England states.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's letter of acceptance is a long document, but it is not too long. It is as interesting as it is convincing. It will make votes among the waverers, for it embodies a summary of sound policy, it recites a record of achievement that cannot fail to confirm the faith of loyal and progressive Americans in the party that has so closely identified itself with the most glorious pages in the history of our country.

LOUIS DIEBLER, or as he was generally termed "Monsieur de Paris," is dead. Diebler was chief executioner of France and during his term of office of 20 years duration had guillotined 327 criminals. Diebler's father and grandfather held the same office and the family has become celebrated in history and fiction. Diebler surrendered the office to his son several years ago, so that a Diebler still beheads the criminals of France.

GEN. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, of Ohio, the Elijah of the Republican party, who has demonstrated his gift of political prophecy in many a hard-fought campaign, sees only ignominious defeat for the Democratic ticket this fall. He has just finished a tour of one-night stands over the Chautauqua circuit with Champ Clark of Missouri, in a joint debating turn, and he has had a chance to feel the public pulse in Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and Indiana. He reports that everywhere he went he found conditions favorable to a great victory for Roosevelt.

THE Democrats have at last placed a county ticket in the field, or rather part of a ticket. W. F. Potter of Bradford was nominated for county treasurer last Saturday, which makes the ticket full with the exception of one candidate for the legislature. This office some claim will be filled later on and others are of the opinion that the one candidate plan will be used. Mr. Potter is one of the proprietors of the Bradford Sunday News and a capable and popular man, but his chances of defeating the Republican candidate, S. D. Weaver, are very slim, in fact he has practically no chance of being elected to the office.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York World (temporarily in charge of the Democratic party and its affairs) notes musingly that the committee seeking headquarters for the National Democratic Campaign Committee is unable to find a vacant building in the business district of the metropolis and will therefore be compelled to lease a dwelling house. It would seem almost cruel to remind this free trade organ that in 1896 no such difficulty was met in securing campaign headquarters in the business district of the big city as four years of Grover and tariff tinkering had made idle and vacant a third of the workshops and stores in New York City and elsewhere and a part of the remainder had been doing duty as souphouses for about two years.—Troy Labor Advocate.

THE meeting of the Republican county committee on Saturday afternoon last, was one of the largest attended in the history of the county. The success of the entire Republican ticket in the county is a foregone conclusion and the majority is sure to be a record breaker on account of the unanimity and active zeal displayed on all sides by the rank and file of the party. None realizes this more than the Democratic organization (?) and the individual democratic voter. We regret to see an editor sacrificed on his party's altar this year too, and especially such a good all-round fellow as Frank Potter. He has more than once given evidence of increasing interest in Republican candidates and principles, therefore this reaction to the limit of a hopeless candidacy is particularly regrettable to his Republican friends.—Bradford Star.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1904.

It is too early now to say how much technical value will result from the five days' battles which have just been fought on the old Bull Run fields near this city—that will be made to appear in the official reports. But fraternally, and possibly politically, the bringing together of some 30,000 men from distant parts of the Union, who have never before met each other, to stand shoulder to shoulder, and hotly contest for supremacy in a spirit of patriotism and a desire to learn the art of war, cannot but be beneficial in many ways. In and of itself it is a good thing to introduce men from Texas and Georgia, all in the United States uniform, to men from Maine and Vermont; to let Florida and Tennessee look into the eyes of Massachusetts and New York; to see the man with a Parker button on his coat grasp the hand of the man who wears a Roosevelt medal.

Outside of army circles and those actually engaged, little interest has been manifested in Washington in the great maneuvers in Virginia. Although a battle was raging five miles away, and the cannonading could be heard, the camp was as quiet as a deserted village. Near Manassas we found soldiers from Florida, Texas, Georgia, Vermont, New York, Massachusetts and Fort Myer in Virginia. Those who remained in camp were recovering from the fatigues of a long march and hard struggle on Thursday, and were glad enough to spend the day upon their backs on bags of straw spread upon the ground, within the grateful shelter of their brown tents. The men had no complaints to make, although some of them thought the task of marching from sixteen to twenty miles in the hot sun by day, and the dew of the night, loaded down with blankets, cartridges, guns, and other equipments, were more suitable for men in the far east than for peaceful Americans. The field of battle was covered with discarded articles as the day grew hotter and hotter and the men became more and more exhausted. We met one great hulking fellow from the University of Georgia who said he thought the camp was to be a picnic, with dancing, lemonade, a lot of pretty girls, such as the boys of his university have for a week once a year. "I never would have come North," he said, "if I supposed it would be like this." Another Georgia soldier, who was on guard duty, had much to say about the race question, and wanted to know the "faith" of your correspondent regarding the doctrine of lynching. The Florida boys were loud in their praise of the sweetness of the drinking water. The soldiers from Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont, were rather proud of their march of 300 miles across New York State in fifteen days. There was no intoxication at the camp and the best of fraternal feeling prevailed among the troops from the various States. We fell in with a regiment from Boston, and noticed that their bill of fare contained "baked beans." Pasteurized cream for their coffee, a plenty of hard tack, bread piled up by the cord, all kinds of food in tin cans, etc. There was even a home made plum pudding for dessert.

Throughout the period of the entire encampment the weather has been delightful—almost cloudless skies, cool nights, a gentle breeze from the South, and no very high temperature. The southern soldiers were struck with the beauty of the country—wide rolling plains, fields of golden rod and purple asters, surrounded by groves of oak and pine, while rather rough where it had been under cultivation, was as hard as dry baked clay can make it; the dust was not troublesome, save when the regiments were marching, and most of this was done across fields, for the roads are very narrow and winding.

There was a great desire on the part of the troops from the far South to visit Washington and get a view of the White House. Alas, it is empty, just now, and the "foremost man in the world," as he has recently been called, is digging clams or eating oysters on Long Island. Parker buttons were largely worn by the Southern men, and if their faith in him and what he represents could materialize into votes, it may be Chairman Cortelyou would be lying awake nights. While the camps have been well supplied with water, and there has been but little sickness, there was a great lack of water on the battle grounds, the wells and springs having gone dry. The troops suffered from thirst, and in some instances had to march several miles to get a drink. The fighting during the week between the Browns and the Blues has been sharp, severe and prolonged. The Governors of a number of States have been present to witness the contest, and all the "boys" will return covered with dust and glory. Yesterday the fighting ceased in the afternoon, and to-day there will be a grand round up in the shape of a review of both armies.

It is a good thing that Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has returned from his stumping tour in Vermont and Maine, and again taken the helm. He will proceed to stop the leak in the monthly cotton and other crop reports, whereby some favored persons get the news in advance of the rest of the world, and he is contemplating the construction of wireless telegraph stations along the Atlantic coast so that sea captains can tell him what the weather is on the vasty deep. He reached this city on Thursday, quite elated over the returns from Vermont, where he says the people were really alive to the importance of the campaign. He thinks they see danger to prosperity if the Democrats should win. And he says the vote indicates the sentiment of all New England. The farmers of Vermont are satisfied; they have elected twenty members of their Legislature, heretofore Democratic, to stay at home. Secretary Wilson says no marked impression was made on the Vermonters by either the Democratic campaign or the Democratic candidate. And Mr. Cortelyou remarks the returns "speak for themselves."

While the Geographical Congress now in session in this city, with delegates from all parts of the world, is not a political organization, its American hosts do not hesitate to let them know in what high esteem they hold President Roosevelt. In his address on the 9th inst. Commander Peary said, alluding to the proposed Panama canal: "A fearless master hand has at a stroke cut the Gordian tangle that has hitherto defied the ablest statesmen and financiers of the world, and the nations to-day accept without question the Panama Canal as a fact."

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

$42.50 Buffalo to the Pacific Coast

Via the Nickel Plate Road. One way Colonist tickets on sale daily from September 15th to October 15th. For full information see your local ticket agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or O. O. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Success.

Nothing succeeds like success! Westbrook Academy opened its 23d year with nearly a full house. MERIT alone is its drawing card—no drummers, no cheap rates, no false inducements. A school of thorough business methods, business character and standing, all essential to the success of young persons seeking business positions. For particulars send to WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N.Y.

Entirely New Features

apply not only to the man with the broken nose, but apply as far as we're concerned to the PLUMBING business as well. Look at the plumbing of a house of a few years and compare it with plumbing of a house we've recently done. At every turn there's a new feature and what's more the new work is entirely sanitary. Its a risk to let your old plumbing stand as it is. We'd like to figure with you on the "new features" in the business and save sickness and doctor bills.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods,

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call.

Ellwood Gaskin,

Smethport, Pa.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhee

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 30th day of August, 1904, the Marvin Creek Railroad Company filed in the Court of Common Pleas for McKean county, Pennsylvania, its petition, praying for a decree of dissolution has been fixed by the said Court for Monday, October 3rd, 1904, at two (2) o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as the attention of the Court can be had, when and where all persons interested may attend, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petitioner, if they so desire.

TAFT & JONES,
Solicitors.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only ~~$1.25~~.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Profitable Clothiers Store

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits

Rochester Business Institute

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES.

Young people fitted and placed in Business Positions. More positions to fill than candidates to recommend. New 1904-'05 Catalogue ready. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

PATTERN TALK

Standard Patterns at prices of the cheap makes. Hereafter we will sell these popular patterns at 10 and 15c each. Buy the Standard and you get THE BEST Pattern made.

SWELL DRESS GOODS AND SUITINGS FOR FALL

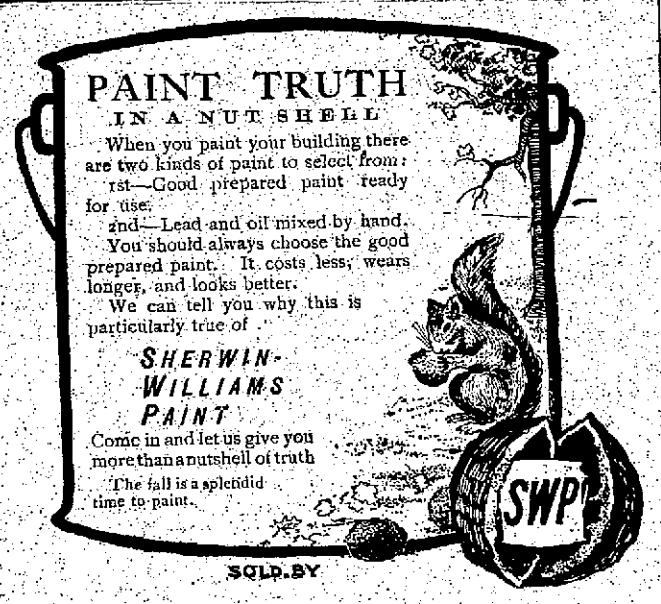
We are now displaying the newest things out in the line of Dress Goods, Suitings and Trimmings. Below we name a few of our popular sellers:

52-inch Priestly's Cravenette in all the leading colors.....$1.85 to $2.25 yd.
42-inch Water Proof Suiting in brown and blue mixtures.....85c yd.
52-inch Pan Zibiline.....$1.39 yd.
Jamestown Serges, colors blue and black.....$1.00, $1.25, $1.50 yd.
Jamestown Fancy Suitings, 38 and 40 inches wide, colors tan and white, blue and white, red and white.....45c yd.
52-inch Broadcloths in all the popular colors..$1.00, $1.25, $1.50 yd.
56-inch Grey Suiting, with new green pin stripe.....$1.50 yd.
36-inch Zibilines in reds, greens and blues.....50c yd.
Scotch Plaid Suitings for children.....15c yd.

New Trimmings

We are showing a beautiful line of new Appliques and Bands in black, white and colors for fall and winter wear.

The Lindholm Company


PAINT TRUTH
IN A NUT SHELL
When you paint your building there are two kinds of paint to select from:
1st—Good prepared paint ready for use.
2nd—Lead and oil mixed by hand.
You should always choose the good prepared paint. It costs less, wears longer, and looks better.
We can tell you why this is particularly true of
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
Come in and let us give you more than a nutshell of truth
The fall is a splendid time to paint.
SWP
SOLD BY

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 15, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Did you circus to-day?

—"Uncle Hez" to-morrow night.

—The sheriff sales appear on the last page.

—Holmes & Gilfillan advertise cooking utensils this week.

—Don't forget the meeting of the Republican Club Monday night.

—Miss Carrie Eilingsfeld has accepted a position with Fry & Comes.

—See Uncle Hez in sailor clothes at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—Fry & Comes have an interesting change of advertisement this week.

—Miss Verna Hafner has accepted a position as clerk at Mrs. Bisett's City Store.

—The county convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held at Kane on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22 and 23.

—W. C. Shaffer of Emporium, Cameron county, was nominated for Congress by the Democratic conference of this district.

—The bottle and window glass workers are gradually returning from summer vacations and hoping for an early resumption of work.

—Ball stealing has taken quite a slump since our article in regard to this practice. Not a ball was missing after the Eldred game Tuesday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. There will be a selection of anthems at both services.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday morning Rev. P. S. Calvin will speak on "Darkness and Dawn." His evening subject will be "The Mystery of Life."

—The delivery horse belonging to Wright & Terwilliger became frightened at an automobile Tuesday and ran away. The wagon was badly wrecked but no other damage was done.

—Mr. Edson R. Maxwell and Miss Minnie L. Faulk, both of Bradford, were united in marriage at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage by Rev. G. H. Patterson, Wednesday morning.

—Parties from New York State are negotiating for the purchase from the American Window Glass company of one of their glass factories at Hazelhurst, and the prospects are bright for the resumption of work there.

—Aubrey Llewellyn, the Eldred young man who was injured during the ball game Tuesday, was able to leave for his home yesterday morning. Mr. Llewellyn, who plays center field on the Eldred team, was at bat in the sixth inning when the pitcher threw a swift "in-shoot." For some reason the player seemed to be expecting an "out" and dodged directly in the way of the ball. It struck him near the corner of his left eye, closing that optic and causing a severe hemorrhage from the nose. Dr. McCoy attended the young man on the grounds and later dressed the injury. It was a severe blow, but the young man is really fortunate in having escaped serious injury.

—John, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford, who has been ill with a severe attack of scarlet fever, is recovering and the quarantine has been removed from the premises. This is welcome news to the many friends of the family in Smethport.

—Fidelity Grange will hold a basket picnic and dance at Burbank's Crossing next Wednesday afternoon and evening. All are invited to attend and the Lady Maccabees of Smethport and Crosby are extended a special invitation. Good music will be furnished and a good time is guaranteed.

—H. M. Choate and daughter, Miss May, entertained twenty-four members of the Eastern Star at a corn roast last Thursday evening. The roast was planned for the open air but rain drove the jolly party to shelter. However it did not dampen the spirits of the party and all had a most delightful time.

—Norman Thomas of Cambridge Springs, Pa., has gone insane over politics and is now in the Meadville jail. Years ago he suffered a severe sunstroke and since that time he has gone insane during every presidential campaign, caused by the excitement. At other times he is said to be comparatively well balanced.

—R. M. Baty, arrested for stealing a gold watch and pin from Mrs. C. M. Tassett, was held to court in the sum of $300, at a hearing Saturday afternoon before Alderman Thomas. The defendant will be taken to the county seat today by Constable Spreter. It is said that he has admitted his guilt.—Monday's Era.

—Cross Fork is certainly a lively town in some ways. It is a dull week when Editor Fish of the News does not have a highway robbery to write up. Last week Eugene Wilson was deprived of his watch by highwaymen and William Ace was "touched" for $30, while "sleeping off a batch." Both victims are residents of Cross Fork.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad company has a large force of men at work making extensive repairs on the Clermont branch of that road. For a long time past there have been persistent rumors that the Pennsylvania intended putting on a flyer between Pittsburg and Buffalo, that would go over this branch and these repairs would indicate that this rumor is soon to become a reality.

—The publishers of the beautiful song "I Wait Alone for You," by the late W. Wesley Wells, have sent us a copy of his last song, "My Mercedes," which has just been published and which he composed a few weeks before his death. It is simply beautiful, easy to play, melodious, and a perfect adaptation of exquisite words to a beautiful melody. The publishers, J. W. Jenkins' Sons Music Co. of Kansas City, Mo., are making a special price of 25 cents per copy.

—Duncan McRae of State Line Mills, Pa., was killed by a tree falling on him in Keating township, Potter county, on Tuesday of last week. Several years ago Mr. McRae had a lumber job on Potato creek and during that time he made many friends in this vicinity who will deeply regret his untimely end. The deceased was about fifty years of age and leaves a wife and eight children.

—Mrs. Ambrosia Crandall is in a very critical condition at the home of A. B. Armstrong on Water street. She was operated upon last night on account of a complication of ailments resulting from a severe bowel trouble. At 10 o'clock this morning she was in an unconscious condition and physicians fear she may never regain her senses. This estimable woman has hosts of relatives and friends who are hoping for a favorable change in her condition and reports from her bedside are anxiously awaited. Dr. Kane of Kane was the operating physician.

—Sig. Santello's big circus arrived in town about 5:30 o'clock this morning over the Shawmut railroad from Bolivar. It is a large concern and requires a long train of cars to transport it. The tents have been erected on the Sartwell field at the corner of Marvin and Mill streets. A large crowd of spectators watched the always interesting operations of unloading the live stock and wagons from the cars, putting up the tents, etc. The circus will give the usual afternoon and evening performances and from present indications they will be well attended. The street parade at 11 o'clock was a very gorgeous exhibition and the music by the three bands was good.

—Editor Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News is still playing over those Mt. Jewett-Smethport ball games in his paper and last week he used up a half-column of his more or less valuable space in growling. He has run out of all semblance of argument and has resorted to abusing the management, followers of the team and the writer. He calls Manager Colegrove a cheap sport and says he kicked on paying the expenses of Umpire McCarty at the last game. The facts are Mr. Colegrove paid just 95 cents more than the Mt. Jewett team was entitled to, according to the rules of the league, that is he paid for thirteen men and the umpire, when the rules state that thirteen men—ten players, manager, scorer and umpire—shall be the limit. Swisher also calls us a thief and a few other choice names, with the vain hope of hiding the shortcomings of others. Swisher further makes cracks about Smethport people beating their way into games at Mt. Jewett and proudly says that Mt. Jewett people always pay their way. Generally speaking the last is probably true but we know of a Mt. Jewett editor (and his name is not Tom McClellan either) who should remit to this office before making such boasts.

Drew Large House.

Frank Adams' great character play, "Uncle Hez," delighted a large audience last night at the Academy of Music. Mr. Adams never fails to draw a large house here and his return engagements are always looked forward to with great pleasure by the theatre-going public. In "Uncle Hez" he has a vehicle of unlimited fun and a display of his talents as a versatile and conscientious actor of ability. He travels in his private car and carried a company of 28 people—and all good ones. The "Uncle Hez" band parade was witnessed by a number of people. Along the route Mr. Adams distributed $10 worth of pennies among the boys. This is a novel and original feature.—Hagerstown Evening Mail.

Last of the Season.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. will run their last low-rate excursion of the season from Wayland and Hornellsville to St. Marys on Sunday, Sept. 25th. This will give those who have not already seen the new Shawmut line an opportunity to visit St. Marys and at the same time view the forests of the Alleghenies which are now in the height of Fall beauty and a sight to behold. Train will leave Smethport at 10:42 a. m. Fare for the round trip 75c.

C. J. RENWICK, G. P. A.

For Sale Cheap.

Our bargain counter: 1 lever spring tooth harrow; 1 McCormick hay rake; 1 buckboard solid bottom; 1 piano body top buggy; 1 nearly new canopy top surrey; 2 second hand top buggies. Must have the room these occupy.

A. T. PALMER.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 7, 1904.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Penvey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

Now is the time to paint, and Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint is the proper paint to paint. Easily the best. Ask Holmes & Gilfillan.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

D. C. Young visited Rochester and Buffalo this week.

Mrs. A. W. Cutler of Oneonta, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. John D. Abbey returned from a visit in Bradford Saturday last.

Editor N. H. Knapp of the Austin Republican was in town Monday.

Mrs. D. D. Cole left Monday for Brookville to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Youmans are visiting their son in Golden, Colo.

James Tracy of Bradford was greeting old friends in town Saturday last.

Geo. Hyde, who is employed at Mt. Jewett, was home the first of the week.

John Swan, the optician of Franklinville, N. Y., was in town during the week.

Mrs. Peter Alquire was a guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus during the week.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp was a guest of Rochester, N. Y. relatives during the week.

Earle Vincent of Jamestown, N. Y., was a guest of friends in town this week.

Albert Servatius of the Austin base ball team was greeting friends in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany were visitors in town Monday.

Will Henry Gallup of Straight was in attendance at the Crab-Frog ball game Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Harrington of Bath, N. Y., were guests of Smethport friends this week.

Mrs. Harry Dugan and daughter of Clairton, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. W. Stark on Green street.

Col. M. M. Gillete of Newark, Ohio, is visiting his wife and child at the residence of B. D. Hamlin.

Mrs. W. T. Seger of New York City is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus, and other relatives.

Roy Stark of the MINER force has returned from a sojourn of several weeks in Jamestown and Bradford.

Rex Stark and Ben Schooler, who have been employed in Perry, N. Y., during the summer, returned to Smethport Monday.

E. P. Waller of Eldred township, a former well known resident of Smethport, was greeting his many friends in town this week.

Mrs. James McKean of this place, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hubbard and children of Newton to Cortland, N. Y., Monday, where the party will make a two weeks' visit.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 10, 1904:

Gust F. Anderson (foreign), Myron Burris (3), F. R. Burns, Crawford & Kramerer, Lyman Davis, Miss Nettie Hamern, Miss Lillie Henton, Rev. Mr. Henderson, Patt. McHale, Mrs. F. R. Mohney, Mrs. Frank Mohney, Miss Alice Olson (2), Robert Richards, G. W. Siman, Samuel Timblin.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

FRIDAY, SEPT. 16th

FRANK ADAMS IN THE NEW

UNCLE HEZ

A Trick Pantomimical Farce Comedy

Everything New This Year

New Plot,
New Specialties,
New Scenery

New Dances, New Music

25-People-25

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

See the Free Street Parade at Noon
MAIN STREET ONLY.

Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' drug store.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

In your preparations for the Fall and Winter seasons you owe it to yourself to look at our offerings.

The latest creations in ready-to-wear and yard goods are continually arriving so that there is something new every day.

This week the facts of special interest are Skirts and Flannelettes.

SKIRTS—Ready-to-Wear

Fresh from the hands of one of the best skirt makers in the country. They are beautiful tailored and possess all the late style points and we are sure you will admit them much better values than you are in the habit of getting.

Prices $3.75 to $8.75

FLANNELETTES

The grades in a great variety of handsome patterns.

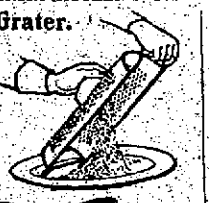
10c, 15c, 17c

FRY & COMES.

YOU CAN'T DO GOOD COOKING

Without good utensils to cook with. We have a complete line of notable KITCHEN SPECIALTIES for you to select from.

Gilmore Grater.
It Doesn't Clog.
This means that it will grate as much in ten minutes as a common grater will in an hour. The little knives cut; they do not tear.
10 cents.



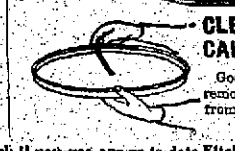
COMBINATION DIPPER.
It can be used for a dipper, funnel, fruit jar filler, sieve, strainer, etc. Both interchangeable parts are made so that they fit and will not leak. 15 CENTS.

The only Sanitary Roaster; no seams or corners. As easy to clean as a plate. Always gives good results. $1.00.

STEAM CEREAL COOKER.
You have never tasted really good oatmeal if you have not used the Steam Cereal Cooker.
50 Cents.

SELF-SEALING PIE TIN.
15 cents.
It will make more than 15 cents worth of difference in one pie.

CLEAN-CUT CAKE TINS.
Good for easily removing cake from the tin.
10 cents.



It is so much easier to do your housework if you use our up-to-date Kitchen Utensils.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

NEW FALL HATS.

We now have on sale a large and beautiful assortment of new fall hats. All the latest styles and shapes.

Look at our new line of ladies' neckwear at 10, 20 and 50c. Also Belts, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, etc.

JUST RECEIVED.

An elegant stock of infants' ready-made clothing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

NOTICE

Yellow Stamp Collectors

All stamp books must be presented to Fry & Comes for redemption on or before

SEPT. 22nd

THE TRADERS' REBATE COMPANY

When Phyllis Took Me Seriously

By Hubert McBean Johnston

Copyright, 1904, by Hubert McBean Johnston

"Phyllis," I asked, "will you marry me?"

"Seven!" said Phyllis.

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Seven?" I questioned. "Seven what?"

"Why, the score, you silly," she responded demurely. "Some one has to keep track of it."

That's the trouble with Phyllis. If her sense of humor were not so highly developed, I'm quite sure I should have had her ages ago. She never will take me seriously.

"Bother the score!" I cried desperately. "Anyway we'll not count the other six times."

"But I would very much rather."

Phyllis was staring into the fire. I didn't know just what she meant. I never was much good at guessing.

"Well," I answered indifferently, "just as you please. Count them if you like. All I meant was that none of them mattered so much as this time."

"Positively your last chance, ladies and gentlemen!" she cried gayly.

I assented in my most dignified manner. Phyllis laughed. I do wish she would take me seriously once in awhile.

"Why do you keep on proposing to me like this?" she asked me.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"If you must have it," I replied flippantly, "I suppose it's my little form of diversion—my hobby, if you will. We all have our hobbies more or less, you know."

Phyllis frowned. I like that frown immensely. Then she looked at me quickly when I was not expecting it.

"You appear to be enjoying yourself," she complained.

"Me?" I queried in mock innocence. "Oh, I protest! Really I'm not!"

Phyllis frowned again.

"Well, then, you ought to be."

"I know," I agreed, "I ought to be. Seven times ought to be productive of more than it has shown so far. I wonder," I concluded dreamily to myself—"I wonder if eight will do it."

"You haven't been answered for seven yet," said Phyllis.

"No," said I, "nor for any of the other six either."

"Now, there was Darcy Graham," said Phyllis inconsequentially. "He asked me to marry him nineteen times and swore eternal devotion each time whether I would have him or no. There's a man for you!"

"And then went and married Kitty Macpherson," said I almost to myself.

"No," corrected Phyllis. "Kitty married him."

"Willie Atkinson came next," I ventured.

"He only ran up to thirteen," said Phyllis.

"Which accounts for his failure," I suggested.

"I think the little fellow from the bank whom I met in the summer came after that?" she murmured interrogatively.

"Surely you don't count him?" I questioned in surprise. "Why, you told me yourself that he only lasted till the second round."

"He would probably have stayed longer if you hadn't come down that Sunday," said Phyllis in a vexed way. "You always do turn up at the most inopportune moments."

"Had I only known you didn't want me"—I began.

"I can't remember who was next," said Phyllis quickly. "Do you know?"

"I think," said I reflectively, "I added about two to my own score that day. I always liked you in white, you know."

"One," said Phyllis, consulting her tablets.

"Hold your head that way again," I said. "What long eyelashes you have!"

Phyllis deliberately turned the other way.

"Hold it round," I commanded. "I want to look at it."

Phyllis held it round. Phyllis likes to be commanded at times, only a fellow's got to know when to do it.

"A rather pretty mouth, too," said I gravely, "and your color is also very fair yet. One would never guess you were getting up in years."

"I'm not," denied Phyllis, with a certain assumption of dignity. "I'm only twenty-three."

"You don't show it," I responded gallantly. "Were I asked to make a guess I should say 'sweet sixteen and'"—

"Quite so!" said Phyllis dryly.

"How awful it must be to be laid on the shelf!" I remarked sympathetically.

"I'm not!" asserted Phyllis indignantly.

"The very idea!" I murmured in a surprised sort of way. "I never even insinuated such a thing. But you know," I concluded dismally, "you haven't had a proposal in three weeks."

"I have," insisted Phyllis. "I had one just tonight."

"Oh, but that doesn't count!" said I. "You told me so yourself. These are only sort of trial heats to keep you in form, you know."

"Oh!" sniffed Phyllis.

"Besides," I added, "I need material for my stories."

"What a risk you are willing to run for the sake of material," said Phyllis.

"It is necessary that one make some sacrifices for the sake of art," I explained.

"Suppose, though, I were to accept you some time?" queried Phyllis in an awful tone.

"I would have a new climax for the next one," said I. I father myself I said it indifferently.

I had expected Phyllis to be affected. Instead she burst out laughing. That's the trouble with Phyllis. She never will take me seriously.

"You're a goose," she complimented me.

"Aw, thanks," I murmured. "So good of you."

Phyllis regarded me gravely. "Now, it's an odd thing, but whenever Phyllis looks at a fellow just like that he feels sort of funny all over, you know. I don't just know what it is. I think it must be what they call personal magnetism.

"Jack," she said, "you have some gray hairs."

"It's not polite of you to remind me of it," I said.

"And your complexion isn't as good as it used to be," she continued. "Besides, there are a lot of little things, particularly about your clothes."

"Nothing serious, I trust?" I asked in alarm.

"No, nothing serious," said Phyllis. "But an awful lot of little things. I think you need some one to take care of you."

"Parks is an exceptional valet," said I in his defense.

"Now, a wife"— began Phyllis meaningly.

I laughed.

"Yes," said Phyllis, taking no notice, "I think you need a wife. Why don't you propose to some nice girl, Jack?"

"I have," said I stontly.

"Huh!" snorted Phyllis in disbelief. "How many proposals have you ever made?"

"Seven," said I.

I think Phyllis was pleased. Anyway she smiled a little.

"There was the Rawshaw girl," she said warningly.

"Nice girl," I assented warmly. "Nothing particularly queenlike about a girl's carriage, though, when she's only five feet three."

"And Bessie Fleming?"

Phyllis was getting back at me.

"A sweet creature," I agreed. "But I really prefer blonds."

"And then there's a whole host of others you might have if you wanted them. You're a catch, you know."

"I know," said I wearily. "You might have been nicer, though, and said that I was very popular. It all means the same, perhaps, but these are prettier ways of saying it."

"Oh, no," said Phyllis sweetly. "You're rather nice as well."

"Thanks," I replied. "But with a score of seven it does not seem to have benefited me greatly. Will it do me any good to make it eight?"

Phyllis toyed with the corner of the sofa cushion.

"You might do a great deal better," said she deprecatingly.

"Then I don't have to make it eight?" cried I, for once in my life comprehending.

"I did not say just that, sir," said Phyllis saucily.

I don't believe I ever saw Phyllis look so beautiful, and the odd part of it was I couldn't see her eyes either. She was staring full into the fire all the time. If it makes her look that way I wish she would look into the fire always.

"But I do make it eight, Phyllis," said I soberly.

I took hold of her arm and turned her round so that she was facing me, but she still held her head down and I could see only her eyelashes. Phyllis has long eyelashes.

"And you'll marry me, Phyllis?" I whispered. I don't know whether I raised my tone interrogatively or not. I hadn't the same control over my voice that I had the other seven times.

Phyllis looked at me, with a funny little smile. She never will take me seriously.

"I suppose this will make a new climax," said she.

But her looks belied her words, and for once I was bright enough to see.

"No," said I as distinctly as my throat would let me. "This is not a climax. This is a beginning."

The Youth of Mozart.

Mozart played the harpsichord at three! At six he and his sister, who was but eleven, went with their father on a musical tour round Germany. At nine he took London by storm by his organ playing, while all the symphonies which he played at his farewell concert there were his own compositions. Before he was ten he composed for the dedication of the Church of the Orphans at Vienna a mass and conducted the concert himself. Through it all the child Mozart seems to have remained unspoiled, unaffected, the plaything of queens.

At the age of six in Vienna, while he amazed the imperial household by his genius, he charmed them by his childishness. The emperor sat by his side as he played and called him his "little magician." The empress was delighted when at the close of the performance the little fellow sprang upon her lap and kissed her. When he slipped and fell on the polished floor the archduchess, Marie Antoinette, afterward the hapless queen of France, lifted him up and was amused at being thus thanked: "You are very kind. When I grow up I will marry you." In London also the royal family made much of him, and the child even accompanied the queen in a song.

No Choice.

"And you say all the girls at the summer hotel were devoted to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must say they were easily suited."

"They had to be, I was the only young man there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

JAPANESE FOOTGEAR

THE GETA MAKE THE FEET HARD AND THE ANKLES STRONG.

There Are Two Varieties, Low and High Shoes, and Learning to Use the Latter Is an Exceedingly Difficult Process—Geta Superstitions.

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, are one of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritable squeak that makes his very nerves shudder. Nevertheless, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constituted to make feet as hard as steel iron and ankles as strong as steel girders.

The shoes are divided into two varieties. The low shoe is called the "bomageta" and is only used when the roads are in good condition. The high shoes, named "ashida," are worn when the weather is rainy and the roads are muddy. Both kinds have a thin thong attached to the surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "bomageta" resemble somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of more complicated design. They have two thin pieces of wood about three inches high at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors, and others have a tiny bell hanging from a hollow place at the back, which as it tinkles in a mystic way heralds the approach of children. The superior makes are covered with mats made of panama. The highest price amounts to about 10 yen, or $10, while the cheapest is less than 10 sen, or a few cents, but then the "geta" will not last longer than a month and once out of repair can never be mended.

Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed it is far easier to acquire skating or stilt walking. The average child in Japan takes about two months before being able to move along on the national footgear, and the little ones repeatedly slip from the wooden blocks, falling to the ground, which seems in their miniature imaginations a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

A curious story is told of a San Francisco merchant who was invited to attend a fancy dress ball. He thought it would be quite the correct thing to attend in Japanese costume and wrote to a friend in Yokohama to send a complete suit of the costume of a gentleman of high class. On receipt of the costume he was immensely surprised at its extensive variety. He mastered all the intricacies of the flowing robes, but when he unearthed the "geta" he was completely at a loss to understand their use. Having only just arrived in the country and not being overobservant, he had omitted to notice the foot arrangements of the people. After much earnest consideration he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "Ah," he exclaimed in his desire to extol everything Japanese, "this wooden block has got a very lovely shape; it is very beautifully carved and artistic. Therefore it must be a kind of decoration to be worn on the shoulders like epaulets." And so the merchant went to the ball with a "geta" on each shoulder instead of on each foot!

Some parents allow their children to play barefoot in the streets, but when going out with their elders or paying visits it is essential that every one, from the smallest to the tallest, must mount the wooden clog and propel himself in this old fashion. The dislike of the Japanese children for the activity of outdoor games is to be mainly attributed to the awkward incumbrances with which their little feet are loaded. For instance, one seldom sees Japanese children gamboling in open playgrounds. They have yet to learn the feverish pleasures of "hide and seek" or "rounders," while such a thing as top spinning or football never obstructs the roadways.

Singular superstitions are associated with the "geta," which at times are decidedly useful. When a host desires that a too attentive caller should depart, he induces somebody to burn moxa, which has a peculiar odor, upon his shoes, which are outside of the door. The guest will immediately take the hint and simultaneously his leave. When a thong of "geta" is accidentally severed on the return from the visit to a sick person a firm belief exists that the patient must die. The Japanese, however, dearly love the "geta," and although civilization may teach them to win battles it will never induce them to wear leather boots.—London Chronicle.

An All Around Sermon.

A sermon had been preached in a cathedral, and some of the clergy who had been present were discussing it at the bishop's luncheon table. One said, "Was not that sermon a little high?" "High!" exclaimed another. "It struck me as being decidedly low." "Well, now," put in an orthodox cleric of the old school, "I should have described it as rather broad." What do you say, bishop?" "I," replied the prelate, "thought it was rather long."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $75 IN ADVANCE.

REIGN OF THE DINOSAUR.

Its Ending Was Almost Simultaneous the World Over.

Never in the whole history of the world as we now know it have there been such remarkable land scenes as were presented when the reign of the titanic reptile, the dinosaur, was at its climax. It was also the prevailing life picture of England, Germany, South America and India. We can imagine herds of these creatures from fifty to eighty feet in length, with limbs and gait analogous to those of gigantic elephants, but with bodies extending through the long, flexible and tapering necks into the diminutive heads and reaching back into the equally long and still more tapering tails. The four or five varieties which existed together were each fitted to some special mode of life, some living more exclusively on land, others for longer periods in the water.

The competition for existence was not only with the great carnivorous dinosaurs, but with other kinds of herbivorous dinosaurs (the iguanodons), which had much smaller bodies to sustain and a much superior tooth mechanism for the taking of food.

The cutting off of this giant dinosaur dynasty was nearly if not quite simultaneous the world over. The explanation which is deducible from similar catastrophes to other large types of animals is that a very large frame, with a limited and specialized set of teeth fitted only to certain special food, is a dangerous combination of characters. Such a monster organism is no longer adaptable. Any serious change of conditions which would tend to eliminate the special food would also eliminate these great animals as a necessary consequence.

There is on entirely different class of explanations, however, to be considered, which are consistent both with the continued fitness of structure of the giant dinosaurs themselves and with the survival of their especial food—such, for example, as the introduction of a new enemy more deadly even than the great carnivorous dinosaurs. Among such theories the most ingenious is that of the late Professor Cope, who suggested that some of the small, inoffensive and inconspicuous forms of jurassic mammals of the size of the sheep and the hedgehog contracted the habit of seeking out the nests of these dinosaurs, gnawing through the shells of their eggs and thus destroying the young. The appearance or evolution of any egg destroying animals, whether reptiles or mammals which could attack this great race at such a defenseless point would be rapidly followed by its extinction.—Century.

Largest Flower In the World.

The rafflesia is a strange plant. It grows in Sumatra and derives its name from Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Sumatra at one time, and his friend, Dr. Arnold, a naturalist. They were the first white men to discover the wonderful plant. It is said to be the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It is composed of five roundish petals, each a foot across and of a brick red color, covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens.

This cup is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is everywhere covered with projections like miniature cow's horns. The cup when free from its contents would hold about twelve pints of water. The flower weighs fifteen pounds. It is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch in thickness. With its beauty one is led to expect sweetness, but its odor is that of tainted beef, and Dr. Arnold supposed that even the flies were deceived by the smell and were depositing their eggs in the thick disk, taking it for a piece of carrion.

Ysaye as He Played.

Arthur Symons thus describes the great violinist Ysaye as he appeared while playing his instrument: "Then the 'Krentzer Sonata' began, and I looked at Ysaye as he stood, an almost shapeless mass of flesh, holding the violin between his fat fingers and looking vaguely into the air. He put the violin to his shoulder. The face had been like a mass of clay waiting the sculptor's thumb. As the music came an invisible touch seemed to pass over it, the heavy mouth and chin remained firm, pressed down on the violin, but the eyelids and the eyebrows began to move, as if the eyes saw the sound and were drawing it in luxuriously with a kind of sleeping ecstasy, as one draws in perfume out of a flower. Then, in that instant, a beauty which had never been in the world came into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of receiving it."

Peacocks' Feathers.

Peacocks' feathers have been handed down to us from the ancient days of mythology as emblematical of treachery, evil and misfortune. The origin of this strange superstition is founded upon the following classical story: Osiris, king of Egypt, upon starting on his Indian expedition, left his queen, Isis, regent, with Argus, his minister, as her chief adviser. Argus, with his hundred eyes, or rather his spies, soon made himself so formidable and powerful that he seized the queen regent, shut her up in a strong castle and proclaimed himself king of Egypt. Mercury was sent against him with a strong army, took him captive and cut off his head, whereupon Juno metamorphosed him into a peacock and set his spies in his tail. From this legend and the various additions made to it from time to time the belief has arisen that it is unlucky to have peacocks' feathers inside a house.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

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Official Directory

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State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—L. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
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Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
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County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
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Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditrs—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. E. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Gelvander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening, at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE E. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENSING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday. Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gayford H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north,

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:28 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

11:15 a. m.—Train 15, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:28 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sunday) Baltimore 7:05 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars, coaches and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.		
NORTH	STATIONS.	SOUTH
A M Lv.		Ar P M
9:00	Ridgway	12:01
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
2:55	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:12	Insanter	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:55
3:27	Woodvale	10:45
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m., for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 4:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Vice-President and General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 26th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

9:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R., for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points. Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 9:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. B. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Buffalo, N. Y.
Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:05 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:20 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:30 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:39 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:58 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 a. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1901:

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Penn	7.33	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	Newfield Junc	7.37	2.41	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.42	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.48
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Eulalie	8.47	6.21	1.53
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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THE SEVENTH MAN

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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We climbed to the top of the hill, Sylvia and I, and sat down—she in the queen's chair and I on a small rock at her feet. The queen's chair, so named by Sylvia, is a great white rock naturally carved into a very fair resemblance of a throne. Sylvia, her head set proudly on her white, full neck, makes a fitting queen.

Sylvia's black fringed, purple eyes were quiet; her little mouth had pensive curves; even her dimpled chin was not piquant as at some times nor defiant as at others. Sylvia is essentially a creature of moods, and her old guardian would not have her otherwise. A man only yesterday was telling me the beatitudes of his wife to be.

"She is always the same," he babbled. "One always knows how he will find her. A woman like that is a treasure hard to get."

I thought of Sylvia and smiled. It's because I never know how I am to find her that she charms me. Sometimes she is a gay little butterfly, flitting from one flower of speech to another; sometimes she is grave as a nun. I have learned, though, not to believe too much in Sylvia when she is grave. Sometimes the wildest of crimson moods originates in a drab one.

"What do you see, Sylvia?" I asked, looking up at the dreamy face.

"The Sacramento river, forty miles away," she answered. "It looks like a white thread with a knot tied in it. I suppose the knot is a steamboat."

"I suppose it is," I said, absently. "Do you realize that there are only five days more?"

"Only five days," she assented, bringing her gaze back to me, I thought. But no!

"Oh! The manzanita is in bloom. Please bring me a piece."

I obeyed as one harks to the queen, but I remonstrated as one reproves a child.

"It is a matter of half a million dollars, Sylvia."

She sighed. "Money isn't everything," she said tritely. She slid the

"ISN'T THERE SOME OTHER WAY?"

pink blossom in her lap and added: "But money is very handy after all, isn't it, guardie? Tell me about it again."

So, as one repeats a nursery rhyme to the child who knows it, but who delights in its recital, I told "it" again to Sylvia.

"Your mother died at your birth, your father a month later, leaving you no relative in the world but me. An eccentric old man adopted you because he had once loved your mother, and he died when you were ten years old."

"And you were thirty-five," interposed Sylvia.

"That doesn't come into the story," I frowned. "This man appointed me your guardian and left a will by which his fortune becomes yours if you are married on the 15th day of March, 1904."

"My twentieth birthday," murmured Sylvia.

"If you are not married, the money goes"—

"To the dogs," laughed Sylvia.

I smiled. "To found a hospital for the cure and maintenance of infirm canines, and there are only five more days."

"You left out something," she said, taking up the flower again. "You must approve the marriage, and you are a very, very distant relative."

"So distant that the relationship wouldn't count if—I mean that even this remote tie of blood makes me take a great interest in your getting your fortune. Haven't you chosen yet?"

"I've had six offers," she said frankly, "and refused three. There's now left Tom and George and Joe," she counted on her slender fingers. "Tom and George and Joe. I can't marry Tom, guardie. He tells such unreasonable stories. Why, he told me last night that out in Iowa or somewhere there was a cyclone which blew straws from a strawstack right through standing trees."

I grinned.

"But George and Joe don't exaggerate."

"George is too well, womanish. He came to call on Kate the other day when I was there. She was busy with her piece work that she delights in so and was showing me a crazy work quilt that she had ready to put together. George sat down on the floor and laid the blocks as he thought they ought to go. I don't want to marry George. He would be showing me how to make the quilts his mother used to piece."

"Joe is truthful and manly," I said, albeit grudgingly.

"Joe is a dear, but I am not good enough to be a minister's wife."

"Nonsense! You're too good for any man on earth," I said sharply.

Sylvia smiled down upon me. When Sylvia smiles with her purple eyes as well as her red mouth it makes one wish he were not getting gray over the temples.

"Do you wish me to marry any of them, guardie?"

Something tightened in my throat, but I spoke calmly, very calmly.

"Of course your old guardian doesn't want to lose you, but he is anxious for you to get your fortune, and the time is very soon."

"Isn't there some other way? Don't lawyers sometimes make loopholes or something?"

"They sometimes do," I answered. "But they can't in this case. It's the dogs or a husband, Sylvia, in five more days."

Her eyes were looking forty miles away again, and my eyes were looking at Sylvia. The faintest line of color showed in her rounded cheek; it touched her dimpled chin and crept up to the bronze curl above her little ear. Sylvia turned to me with the shyest of lights in her pansy eyes.

"There's another," she faltered.

Ah! I heard a rustling under the manzanita bush. I went down and threw a stone at it. When I went back I stood facing her.

"He is the seventh man. The accounts thought there was luck in the number seven, but you know the stipulation—I must approve."

"He is good, and he has honest brown eyes," she began slowly, "and a splendid chin. He isn't poor, but I'd rather take guardie's blossoms from him, if he could give me nothing else, than to accept orchids from a prince. I should rather live in that little two roomed house with him than with a king in his palace."

There was a rift in Sylvia's voice as she finished.

"But he has never asked me to marry him, and I guess he never will."

"He must be a damned fool then!" I remarked savagely.

Sylvia laughed softly.

"That's one thing I didn't mention. He is. But if he doesn't ask me today I am going to ask him. Why shouldn't I? I wish, though, he would ask me. I should so much rather he would, dearest."

The last word was whispered but I heard it.

"You can't mean me?" I croaked, bewildered.

For answer Sylvia left her throne and, came down to me. She pointed the manzanita blossoms toward the Sacramento river, forty miles away.

"See, dear. The sun strikes the river and it looks like a band of gold. It looks like"—she hid her face on my stupid shoulder, and my arms closed around her—"it looks like a wedding ring."

Grant's Marvelous Memory.

General Grant's retentive memory was simply marvelous, more especially to those most closely associated with him from day to day. In the midst of absorbing thought and with apparently unobservant manner his quick ear and eye seemed to hear and notice everything, and two weeks or months later the slightest details had not escaped his attention or memory. This power was unmistakably demonstrated in a game of whist with his guest, Major General Doyle of the British army, between Baltimore and Fortress Monroe. Two staff officers completed the players. With General Doyle at his right it was simply amazing to discover Grant's ability to discover strategic points. He never failed to remember every card that had fallen, whence it came and who was to deliver to him all remaining, which he scooped in as a matter of course, although he never seemed in the least absorbed in the game. He was indeed an enigmatic composition in this as well as in other respects.—National Magazine.

Unanimous.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition, but I will tell you a little story of two dogs.

"George had a nice little dog that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at passers-by nor at strange dogs and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs and would sometimes tear them cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood and on several occasions has been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men that came along and would bite them unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which is the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas'?"

Instantly came the answer in one eager shout: "Thomas'!"

Keeping It Circulating.

"This," hoarsely spoke the hero, shaking a roll of bills in the face of the villain—"this is blood money!"

"Blood money?" echoes the villain, pausing to light a cigarette.

"Yes. Take it back. I will not have it about me!"

"Very well," replies the villain, puffing disdainfully; "I shall blow it in myself. Blood money! Ha-ha-a-a! It shall not be spent in vain."

At this point a lady in the third row of the orchestra fainted.—Chicago Tribune.

DESERT SCAVENGERS.

Each One Keeps a Constant Sharp Eye on the Others.

It is probable that one never fully credits the interdependence of wild creatures and their cognizance of the affairs of their kind and other kinds. Mrs. Mary Austin, in "The Land of Little Rain," says that the scavengers of the desert all keep an eye on one another.

Never a coyote comes out of his lair to hunt in the country of the carrion crows, but looks up first to see where the crows are gathering. It is a sufficient occupation for a windy morning on the listless, level mesa to watch the pair of them eying each other furtively, with a tolerable assumption of unconcern, but no doubt with a certain amount of good understanding.

When the five coyotes that range the Tyon from Pasteria to Tunawai planned a relay race to bring down an antelope strayed from the band, an eagle swung down from Mount Pinos, buzzards materialized out of invisible ether and hawks came trooping like small boys to a street fight. Rabbits sat up in the chaparral and cocked their ears, feeling themselves quite safe for once as the hunt swung near them.

Nothing happens in the deep wood that the bluejays are not all agog to tell. The hawk follows the badger, the coyote the carrion crow, and from their aerial stations the buzzards watch each other.

Very clean and handsome, quite belying his relationship in appearance, is Clark's crow, that scavenger and plunderer of mountain camps. It is permissible to call him by his common name, "camp robber." He has earned it. Not content with refuse, he picks open meal sacks, filches whole potatoes, is a gormand for bacon, drills holes in packing cases and is daunted by nothing short of tin.

All the while he does not neglect to intersperse the chipmunks and squirrels that whisk off crumbs of comfort from under the camper's feet.

The camp robber's gray coat, black and white barred wings and slender bill, with certain tricks of perching, arouse him of attempts to pass himself off as a woodpecker, but his behavior is all crow. He frequents the higher pine belts and has a noisy strident call like a jay's, and how clean he and the frisk tailed chipmunks keep the camp! No crumb or particle or bit of eggshell goes amiss.

The cunning cat hunter is hunted in turn, and what he leaves of his kill is meat for some other.

Gratitude.

If we only knew how some poor soul would find happiness in what we carelessly throw away! When I was in the newspaper office and saw all those bright pictures that would brighten the hours for those I knew in a mining town so ruthlessly destroyed I told our exchange editor that it hurt my heart to see him put them into the waste paper barrel, when those poor miners I know of living down in the dark all day and only occasionally coming to the light would seize upon them with such delight. For I remembered my joy when a little girl in that same town in the mountains I saw for the first time the beautiful picture on a can of tomatoes that had been sent to the camp and my agony of despair when some one who opened it ruthlessly cast the empty can down the miners' slide. I didn't stop to crawl, but rolled all the way down the dump, captured the can, and with trembling fingers tore off the precious picture and ran home with it clasped to my bosom. What cared I if it was only off an old tomato can? It was red, it was lovely, it was bright—the only bright thing in the camp.—Pilgrim.

The Bite of the Tsetse Fly.

Singular indeed is the effect of the bite, or, as the Boers call it, the "stick," of the tsetse fly, for the carcass when examined is found to be almost bloodless. The cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles, the fat is yellowish green and oily, the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it, the lungs and liver are diseased, the stomach and bowels are pale and empty and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm. Neither do pigs, goats and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen.

The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh beneath each puncture as large as the palm of the hand and resembling the appearance of a snake bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—Chambers' Journal.

Cats In Ancient Egypt.

The ancient Egyptians treated cats with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them, and when they died they received a public burial, at which the people mourned, having first shaved off their eyebrows as a token of sorrow. The most prominent cats were upon death embalmed in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings. When Cambyses, the Persian, attacked the Egyptian city of Pelusis, he cunningly provided his soldiers with cats instead of shields. When the host advanced, the Egyptians retired in confusion upon discovering that they would be unable to do damage to their enemy without seriously imperiling the lives of vast numbers of cats. And so the city was taken easily and without the loss of blood or of a cat. It cannot be disputed that the ancient Egyptian cats must have enjoyed life very much.

HIS LITTLE MASCOT

By BELLE MANIATES

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Bradley paused at the door of Miss Kane's studio, listened a moment to the sound of smoothly struck chords and then gave an apologetic knock. The music ceased and the door was opened by Miss Kane, teacher of vocal music.

"You know better!" she said forbiddingly.

"Yes," he said with penitent air, "but I am not a visitor. I came on professional business really," and walked on into the room.

"Do you want your voice tried?" she asked sarcastically.

"No, I don't want you to score another point against me, but I called to see you in regard to your pupil, the little girl Patti. I understand she is to make her debut at the charity concert tomorrow night. I want to write her up."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, interested, but still skeptical. "And since when did the city editor himself take to writing 'In a Minor Strain' column?"

"Miss Fleming is ill," he replied, "and we are all helping her out. I volunteered to take this part of her work. I thought, Miss Kane," he said earnestly, "that it would be to your advantage and to that of the child to get satisfactory press notices, and I will write whatever you wish."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bradley," she replied, her little air of reserve melting for the once. "I shall be very glad if you will do so."

"Now, what kind of a voice has she?"

"High soprano. Her voice is perfectly placed. When I discovered her pure tones—I heard her first in a school—I had her come to the studio. I sounded low C on the piano and asked her to sing the note. She did, with perfect attack and pitch. Then she kept on with the successive tones and half tones until we came to B flat. I began to tremble, for there begins the middle register, the stumbling block of nearly all singers, but the right quality came into her voice—that imperceptible blending of the chest tones as they emerge into the smooth waters of the soprano's realm. The tones kept coming clearly, sweetly and with a silvery ring until I didn't dare take her any farther."

"I suppose it's all right," said Bradley, with a perplexed sigh, "but it's all Greek to me. If her voice was perfect by nature why are you giving her lessons?"

"I have made her voice stronger and more flexible; have taught her phrasing and enunciation."

"I think you had better write a little sketch of her personality and voice and I will publish it."

There came a light rap at the door, and a slender little wisp of a girl with big brown eyes and golden hair came into the studio.

"This, Mr. Bradley, is my little song bird, Louise Harvey."

Bradley was very fond of children. He shook hands with the little songstress and, turning to Miss Kane, said: "Is it possible that this microscopic child can sing so gloriously as I have heard it intimated?"

The little girl drew herself up with a suspicion of hauteur.

"I am in my teens!" she protested.

"That does give one an old feeling," he said, with a laugh. "I haven't forgotten the first day I could say so proudly, 'I am in my teens.'"

"Have you been out of them long?" Miss Kane could not forbear asking.

The bright eyes of Louise sparkled with appreciative mirth.

"Miss Louise, you mustn't make fun of me. I have the power to make or mar public personages. I am going to put your picture in the paper tonight, and the day after tomorrow I shall tell how well you can sing."

"Thank you," said the little girl simply. "But I must go now. I came to return this music, Miss Kane."

"I will go with you," said Bradley. "We will stop at the florist's and order some flowers for you to carry at the concert."

Louise flushed with pleasure as she left the room in company with Bradley.

"I like Miss Kane. She is lovely to me," she confided when they were out on the street.

"I wish she would be lovely to me," he said ruefully.

"Is she mad at you?" asked Louise ingeniously.

"Yes, music mad. But unfortunately I can only appreciate music from a ragtime standpoint, so I can't creep into the circle of devotees Miss Kane draws around herself."

"Why don't you jump in?" asked Louise.

He stopped abruptly and looked reflectively at her.

"That's a very good idea, Miss Louise. Thank you."

When they reached the florist's and Louise had selected the roses he was to send to her on the morrow, Bradley said:

"Now I will make my first jump and send Miss Kane some roses too."

"Send her violets," replied the little girl earnestly. "They are her favorite flower."

"Thank you again, Miss Louise. You are certainly my mascot."

He ordered a huge bunch of violets to be sent to Miss Kane on the evening following and left his card to accompany them.

When Beryl Kane was dressing for the concert a box from the florist's was brought to her. A little thrill of pleasure went through her as she lifted the cover and saw the violets; another when she read the card.

"I thought," she mused, "that he held me in disdain as 'one of that musical crowd' who are so uninteresting to him. He addresses such curt, cynical remarks to me when we meet. I always begin to get a retort ready as soon as I see him approach. I wonder how he came to send me these! I suppose because he was giving Lou some."

She sighed as she finished her toilet. Her carriage stopped at the home of her little pupil, and Louise, radiant with excitement and pleasure, came out, carrying her roses.

"You got the violets, Mr. Bradley sent you, didn't you?" asked the young girl as she took her seat beside Miss Kane.

"I must tell you what he said about you. He said you were music mad and you didn't care for him because he wasn't musical and he could never get into your circle, and I told him to jump in."

Beryl listened to this voluble confidence with the feeling that she ought to check or reprove the little tale bearer, but she didn't. She felt still another little thrill and thought what a lovely night it was. If only Louise would do her best!

Louise did. She came out upon the stage clad in the white robes of a chorister, her fair childish face brilliant with excitement and expectancy. Her eager, searching eyes caught sight of Bradley in one of the boxes. She flushed happily while the dimples came and went. The prelude to her number ended, Bradley, the crowd, every one, vanished from her thoughts. She forgot herself in the grand music of the "Ave Maria," and she surpassed in its delivery the highest hopes of her teacher.

Then followed a wild ecstasy of applause from an enthusiastic audience, and she reappeared, this time attired in a pretty white frock. She sang "Home, Sweet Home," into the hearts of her hearers. Applause, calls, recalls and flowers followed.

When the excitement had subsided and the next number was on Bradley found his way behind the scenes.

"Miss Louise," he said, bowing low to the happy little girl, "when you are a great prima donna don't forget that I gave you your first flowers."

"May I thank you for my violets?" said a soft voice behind him.

He turned, and his face glowed with pleasure when he saw Miss Kane was carrying his flowers. He noted how happy she looked, but attributed the fact to the success her pupil had scored.

"Even I know that Miss Louise made a hit. Every one is wild over her singing, and they say she is the perfect exponent of your teaching."

"Then my ambition is satisfied musically," she replied. "I wanted to be recognized as a successful teacher."

"And have you any ambitions other than music?"

"Why, of course," she laughed. "Music is only a part of my life."

"Every one has an aim," said Louise precociously. "Mine is to be a prima donna. Miss Kane's to be a teacher. What is yours, Mr. Bradley?"

"To make a scoop," replied Beryl.

"That is only a part of my life," he quoted. "I have another, a great aim and hope."

"What is it?" asked Louise artlessly.

"I am going to tell Miss Kane some time if she will let me. Then I will tell you."

Some one called Louise away just then.

"May I come and see you soon—tomorrow night—Miss Kane?" he asked in vibrant voice.

"Yes," she replied softly, screening her face with the violets.

"I always thought you were bored by people who were not musical," he said.

"And I always thought," she retorted, "that you were bored by people who were musical."

"You were mistaken."

"So were you."

Louise ran to them.

"Our carriage is here, Miss Kane. Are we going home now?"

"Certainly not," replied Bradley quickly. "Prima donnas always have a supper after they sing. I am going to take you to one now, and Miss Kane will chaperon us."

"Oh, oh!" cried Lou ecstatically. "This is my loveliest night!"

"And mine," declared Bradley emphatically.

"And mine," echoed Beryl softly.

Sing While at Work.

"They say the man whose soul wakes not to music is dead indeed," said the man on the lookout for odd things, "and the average working negro in this great southland of ours seems to be a pretty fair example of those who have waked. If his fondness for venting his feelings in music is to be taken as a criterion. Did you ever see a gang of street laborers at work that some one or more of them were not calling out to an original theme a story anent the things good to a darky's eyes? They seem to fit the very measure of motion whether it be the swing of a hammer or pick or the hearing of some weighty object. I saw a gang at their labor the other day, and the ditty they enunciated held me interested until I had learned the very rhythm, if not the dialect, myself. These two fellows told their trouble and desire along this line:

"'Say, old man, augh!' (with a swing of the pick).

"'Have yer got a good dog?'

"'Can he catch any coons?'

"'Just take him and try him.'

"Repeating the grunt with every stroke. To the white man this might look like wasted energy, but somehow the negro seems to do more and do it better with a musical incentive."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The Stately Shaft Causes the Death of Thousands of Birds.

Though every one in Washington is acquainted with the monument by sight at least, few are aware that the stately shaft causes the death of thousands of birds every fall as they migrate southward for the winter. The birds fly by night against the shaft in great numbers and are killed or stunned, when they drop to the ground, where they are found always on the north side of the structure. In order to realize the mortality thus caused among the feathered tribe it may be stated that one man in this city secured over 400 dead birds in one night. As the birds thus secured include a number of wild ducks and other game birds it is not unusual for persons to stay around the monument all night during the migrating season. In addition to these food seekers there are the ornithologists from the Smithsonian institution who come to secure specimens. And then there are the cats, which gather in considerable numbers, whose nocturnal sight and quick movements enable them to seize a bird almost the instant it falls to the ground and make off with their prey.

"The variety in species of the birds that are found around the monument here do combat is surprising," observed a man who has on several occasions waited around the monument of nights in order to secure specimens for purposes of taxidermy. "There is, for instance, the beautiful bluebird, whose color is as delicate as that of a flower, with which most persons in this city are totally unacquainted. This bird, with others of fine plumage which are to be found in our vicinity, is timorous and retiring, while the ubiquitous sparrow, the yellow breasted warbler and the catbird are prominently seen. A considerable proportion of the monument's victims are swallows, these birds flying close together. A large number, too, are 'birds of passage,' merely flying through Washington from far removed localities on their way south. The birds seem to be attracted in some strange way by the ghostly looking shaft. Perhaps they imagine it is an opening instead of a barrier, or it may be that anything lighter than the surrounding night atmosphere tempts them. All down the river the lighthouses offer deadly obstacles, or, rather, attractions, to the migrating birds, many thousands of which are destroyed every season in this way."—Washington Post.

The Language of Moles.

You may smile, but there is such a thing. Remember that the old witches and necromancers of bygone days placed the utmost value on the presence of moles, and according to their location was their significance.

Some people are distressed at possessing these "beauty spots" and employ every means to be rid of them, but in most instances they portend good luck to the owner, particularly when round and rather large.

A mole on the left eyebrow or temple foretells that the person will frequently be near the best of luck, but by some mischance he will be prevented from securing it. On the right temple and eyebrow a mole signifies wealth and a happy marriage.

A mole on the nose means success in business, while one on either cheek denotes that the person will not attain any great fame or fortune.

One on the chin foretells good fortune and friends; on the lip, that the owner is an epicure, and on the throat, prosperity through marriage.

Violent death is portended by one on the neck or at the corner of the eye.

A large mole on the left hip indicates much good fortune.—McCall's Magazine.

The Chinese Hotel Rug.

A book on China contains the following account of a mandarin's toilet: "A Chinaman always sleeps with his clothes on—that is, he removes the outer garments and, having undone the waistband, anklets, collar and so on, retires to rest in his linen. The first thing on getting up is to clean his teeth, which is usually a long and noisy operation. In order to do this he takes a large mug, a silver tongue scraper, a brush and often a bit of willow twig and goes out into the courtyard to complete this part of his toilet. One of the handmaids has already filled the copper basin with warm water and brought the rug. Often and often have I enjoyed the luxury of the 'hotel rug' at Chinese inns. This rug is a purely Chinese institution and consists of an old dishcloth dipped in boiling water. The mandarin rubs his head, face, neck and hands with the fumily rag, flies his drawers at the ankles, hitches himself up generally, puts on a pair of silk leggings and a long robe, and his undress toilet is complete."

To Make a Watch Compass.

Get the number of hours from midnight, divide by two and point the hour at the sun so that the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls directly across the center of the watch. Twelve o'clock will be north; 6, south; 3, east, and 8, east. Suppose it is 9 a. m. The number of hours from midnight is 9; one-half is 4½. Point 4:30 at the sun so the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls across the center of watch, and 12 is north; 6, south; 3, east, and 9, west. Suppose it is 6 p. m. The number of hours from midnight is 18; one-half, 9. Point 9 at sun, and 12 is north; 6, south; 3, east, and 9, west.

Also, when the sun is hidden on a cloudy day, take a lead pencil or stick that is well sharpened and place it on the thumb nail. By looking closely you will see a faint shadow, which will give you a very good idea of the direction of the sun and may be useful to one lost on a cloudy day.

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FEAST OF THE WHALE

AN ESKIMO BANQUET THAT MAY LAST A WHOLE DAY.

Incident of the Social Life Among the Natives of Arctic Alaska After the Hunting Season Is Over—The Return of the Fleet to Shore.

Writing of the industrial and social methods and customs of the Eskimos of arctic Alaska, Edward A. Mellbeny, in the Century, says:

The principal occupation of these Eskimos (of arctic Alaska) during the spring is the hunting of the bow head whale in the leads, or open water, and among the floe ice of the Arctic ocean. The taking of a whale is always a time of great rejoicing with these people, for it means not only an abundance of food and fuel, but a large amount of valuable trading material."

After the whaling season is over the boats which have been used in the chase are gathered on the leads between the pack and shore ice, which is often some miles from shore, at the foot of some road that has been cut through the rough ice from the land to the water. The most successful boat's crew, with their umiak (a whaling boat covered with skins), takes the lead, followed by the other boats in the order of their success. The harpoons, floats, paddles and everything pertaining to the chase of the whale are placed in their respective positions. The umiak is then placed on a flat ivory runnered sled and lashed firmly in place. The owner, who is called omelic (headman), stands on the ice at the right hand side of the bow; the boat steerer stands at the stern and the paddlers stand at their respective places along the sides of the boat. When all is ready the omelic gives the word to go forward, and each of the crew slips over his shoulder a broad breast strap of sealskin, which is attached to a short line made fast to the thwarts of the boat. When all is ready the boat is pulled forward a few lengths and the next boat in order goes through the same form, moving on in its turn, until all the umiaks are strung out in a long line on the grounded ice ready for their return to land.

At a signal from the head boat all move forward, chanting weird songs of the goodness and power of the whale, for one of the superstitions of these people is that whenever working on any object to be used in whaling or doing anything connected with whaling they must constantly extol the merits of this great animal.

Long before the boats reach shore the entire population left in the village—men, women, children and dogs—congregate on the beach to welcome the home comers. When the first boat nears land it is brought to a halt a few feet from the shore line, and its talisman, which is always carried in a little pouch in the bow and may be a wolf's head, the head of a raven, iron pyrites or any odd thing, is lifted out by the omelic and held in his right hand toward the shore, where stands the chief medicine man of the tribe, who pours over it a little fresh water to refresh it and thank it for the benefits given, if the boat has secured a whale, or, if the boat has not been lucky, to appease any slight that may have been put upon the talisman, in the hope that it will give them better luck in the future.

After reaching shore a day or possibly two may be given for preparation, and then the great feast begins. Each successful boat owner, beginning with the one whose boat secured the most whales, gives a feast, to which he invites all the members of the tribe and any other people who may be in the village. First a wind break of umiaks, sails or skins is built to act as a shelter against the chilly blasts of the polar winds. It is placed in the form of a large circle if enough material can be secured, in the center of which a walrus hide is placed on the ground, and to its four corners are tied long ropes, which are passed over tripods placed about twenty-five feet from the skin. The ends of the ropes are then drawn tight and made fast with stout stakes driven into the ground, thus raising the skin about four feet. The skin, thus becomes a platform some eight or ten feet square, which serves as a sort of movable stage on which the young women dance.

The feast usually begins at the time when the sun reaches a due western point, about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, for during the eighty days of summer at Otkeavic the sun never sets, and being without timepieces, the Eskimos mark their time by the position of the sun while it is visible and by the moon and stars when the sun has gone for the long arctic night. These feasts sometimes last twenty-four hours.

He Smoked.

A very pretty girl with a well defined air of knowing her way about tripped into a day coach of a train bound for Washington at Philadelphia Tuesday afternoon. Every window seat was occupied. The girl walked half way down the car and with obvious disappointment took the best seat that offered. A large, superheated looking man already occupied half of it. He held his breath long enough to make room for the girl, and she squeezed in. Then he settled himself again and appeared to swell out in every direction. The girl cast longing glances at the window, but the man's huge bulk and open newspaper cut off her view. The girl fidgeted. The man spread himself more and more. Full three-quarters of the seat he filled to overflowing. The girl set her teeth. Thirty miles spun by. The girl could endure it no longer. She turned her face to him.

"Excuse me," she said distinctly, "but don't you ever smoke?"

Two minutes later the whole seat was hers.—Washington Post.

The Intelligent Mule.

"Valuable mule that," said the Billville citizen to the prospective purchaser. "Saved my life once."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Saw a flash of lightning making straight for me an' kicked it all to pieces 'fore it could land!"—Atlanta Constitution.

QUEER THINGS TO PAINT.

Peculiar Subjects For Pictures Selected by Students.

A noted artist was addressing his class.

"Young men," he said, "when you begin to paint don't choose peculiar and uncanny subjects for your pictures. Some of you, though, despite me, will choose such subjects. That has been the case with all my classes.

"A country lad painted under me a picture of Nebuchadnezzar eating grass. The picture was intended to be horrible and sad. In a gaunt landscape the king, nearly naked, crouched on his hands and knees. He was eating greedily of a big bunch of grass that he held in his left hand. His aspect was bestial and insane. The picture wasn't badly done, but whoever looked at it laughed.

"Another student of mine once painted a picture that he called 'The Deliverance of Jonah.' On a sea beach Jonah knelt, his hands clasped and his face turned skyward in grateful prayer. The whale was disappearing. Its vast bulk was sinking into the sea.

"A young Australian painted 'The Pound of Flesh.' In this composition the judge and the multitude of spectators looked on while Portia held a long knife against the bared ribs of Shylock. Shylock was howling with wide open mouth and arms stretched out in an appeal for mercy, and the blood was beginning to flow from his side. When this picture's disagreement with Shakespeare's text was pointed out to the young Australian he said, smiling indifferently, that an error of that sort did not interfere with the picture's value as a work of art.

"Among the queer subjects that my pupils have chosen to paint there have been lepers, snakes, tombstones, rats, tailors, worms, skeletons and surgical operations."—Pittsburg Press.

The Judge Silenced.

In the famous trial of the dean of St. Asaph, Mr. Erskine, the great English lawyer, put a question to the jury relative to the meaning of their verdict. Mr. Justice Buller objected to its propriety. The counsel reiterated his question and demanded an answer. The judge again interposed his authority in these emphatic words:

"Sit down, Mr. Erskine. Know your duty or I shall be obliged to make you know it."

Mr. Erskine, with equal warmth, replied: "I know my duty as well as your lordship knows your duty. I stand here as the advocate of a fellow citizen, and I will not sit down."

The judge was silent, and the advocate persisted in his questions.

Opposite Effects.

"Doesn't that new brass band make your blood curdle?"

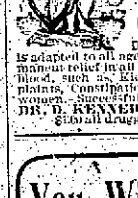
"No. It makes it boil."—Detroit Free Press.

$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good Seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. O. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, Miner office.



Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all sexes and all ages, affording prompt relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for over 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY & SONS, Roudout, N. Y. Sold by all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

You Will Pay More BY DELAY

Many mothers are happy that they bought their

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

and SHOES, etc., during our GREAT AUGUST SALE. The savings were from 15% to 25%. There is yet time for you to enjoy similar advantages if you act promptly.

Prices on all goods are advancing—yet for two more weeks we will sell you Boys Suits, etc., at

25 Per Cent LESS

our usual low prices.

Delay in Buying Will Mean Money-Loss to You.

Wm. Monheimer.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that piece or parcel of land in Wetmore Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3158, situate on the Mill Road, and being lot No. 8 of a survey of lots made by Jefferson L. Brown, for the McKean and Elk Land and Improvement Company, former owners, bounded northward by Lot No. 7; southward by Lot No. 9; eastward partly by Lot No. 12 and partly by Lot No. 13, and westward by Lot No. 6, all of the said survey of Jefferson L. Brown, and containing eighty-seven acres and eighty-hundredths of an acre, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to John August Roos by the E. N. McKee Glass Company, by Deed dated November 6th, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, in Deed Book, Vol. No. "108" at page 529, etc.

Mostly improved and having thereon a few fruit trees, one two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John A. Roos at the suit of W. B. Smith.

Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Water street, being the northwest corner of land purchased of Alfred Sturdivent by Ford R. Knapp; thence west along the south line of Water street sixty (60) feet to a post, the northwest corner of land late of W. D. Gallup; thence south about eleven (11) perches to the lands of the B., B. & E. Railroad; thence west along said railroad line sixty (60) feet to the west line of said Knapp lot; thence north on west line of said lot to the place of beginning. Containing about one fourth of one acre, more or less, and being the same premises mortgaged by said M. C. Caskey to Otis Irons, by mortgage dated December 21st, 1900, and recorded same day in McKean County, Mortgage Book Vol. "99," page 66, etc., given to secure the bond of same date on which judgment was entered under which this sale is to be made.

Improved and having thereon one large three story and basement frame building used as a hotel, and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of M. C. Caskey at the suit of Otis Irons.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post on the west side of High street, twenty-five (25) feet north of the northeast corner of lot owned by Harry Campbell, and being the northeast corner of lot sold by Miss A. Adams to Elizabeth Conlin, and running thence westerly at right angles to High street, and along said Conlin lot eighty-one and 2-10 (81 2-10) feet; thence northerly along lot of James E. Grainger by E. W. Newell and wife by Deed dated Oct. 11th, 1900, one hundred and 1-10 (101-10) feet; thence still northerly along the land line of Franklin, fourteen and 9-10 (14 9-10) feet to an iron post in the northwest corner of Lot No. 63; thence easterly seventy-six and and 88-100 (76 88-100) feet to the west side of High street; thence southerly along the west side of High street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning, being the same land conveyed to Samuel S. Woodbury by Louise Woodbury, widow of Manly H. Woodbury (deceased) et al. by deed dated October 26, A. D. 1904, recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County, in Deed Book No. 119, at page 156, etc.

Improved and having theron three, two story frame buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of S. S. Woodbury at the suit of The Bradford Flint Glass Bottle Company.

Thos. B. Wilson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2389, situate on the east side of Tionesta avenue, on the plot of lands of The Parkside Land and Improvement Co. Company, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the east line of Tionesta Avenue ninety-five (95) feet north of the northeast corner of said Tionesta Avenue and Pine street; thence at right angles to said Tionesta Avenue, east one hundred (100) feet; thence parallel to said Tionesta avenue north fifty (50) feet to a post; thence at right angles thereto west one hundred (100) feet to a post in the said east line of Tionesta Avenue; thence by the same south fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 5,000 square feet, more or less.

Being the same premises which E. H. McCleery, Trustee, by his Deed dated the 15th day of November, A. D. 1901, sold to Neil C. MacEwen, mortgagor hereto, as by reference being thereunto had the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Neil C. MacEwen at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

FIRST. All that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post on the north side of Bank street, two hundred and eighty-two (282) feet more or less west of Pearl street, and at the southwest corner of lot deeded to Andrew Beeson, Nov. 14, 1899; thence north seventy-five (75) feet; thence west thirty-three (33) feet; more or less to lot deeded to Elizabeth Jane Mosher, Feb'y 6, 1899; thence south along Mosher's lot seventy-five (75) feet, to Bank street; thence east along Bank street thirty-three (33) feet more or less to place of beginning. Being all the land lying between lots heretofore deeded to Andrew Benson and Elizabeth Jane Mosher. The said lot containing 2475 square feet and being the same property conveyed to James E. Grainger by E. W. Newell and wife by Deed dated Oct. 11th, 1900. Recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. "112" at page 440, etc.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

SECOND. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the west side of Edna Avenue, one hundred eighty-three (183) feet and five (5) inches from Jackson Avenue; thence westerly parallel with the line of Merrill, S. Lock and Frank Hamilton lots, eighty-four (84) feet and ten (10) inches; thence southerly along the back line of John Heckel's lot, forty (40) feet; thence easterly and at right angles, eighty-four (84) feet and ten (10) inches more or less to Edna Avenue; thence northwesterly along Edna Avenue, forty (40) feet to the place of beginning. Being the south one-half of lot of land conveyed by C. E. Weaver and John F. Howe to parties of the first part by Deed. Subject however to a mortgage given by first parties to the B. B. E. & S. Ass'n., for $600.00, which said second party assumes and agrees to pay according to the terms of said mortgage, and being the same premises conveyed to James E. Grainger, Trustee, by Eli F. Brickell, et al., by Deed dated December 7th, 1897, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. "97" at page 401, etc.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James E. Grainger at the suit of The Bradford Building Loan and Savings Association of Bradford, Pa.

O. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

FIRST. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Wetmore Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post and stone, the southwest corner of the Joseph Liddell farm north, fifty minutes west (N. 50 minutes W.) ninety-eight and one-tenth rods to an iron pipe in the centre of the Kane and Jo Jo road at an angle of the road; thence along said Kane and Jo Jo road twenty-five feet from the line of maple at south side of said road, south seventy degrees and forty-five minutes west (S. 70 degrees 45 minut & W.) twenty-one and one-half rods to an iron pipe in the east line of Ole Hanson's lot; thence along the east line of Ole Hanson's lot south thirty minutes east (S. 30 minutes E.) ninety and eight-tenths (90 8-10) rods to a post and stone; thence south eighty-one degrees and thirty minutes east (S. eighty-nine degrees 30 minutes E.) twenty and seven-tenths rods to the place of beginning. Containing twelve and one-tenth acres of land surveyed by C. H. Lyon, May 15th, 1895, bearing reference to true meridian. Magnetic variation 45 degrees, 45 minutes west.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwel ing house, one, one and a half story frame dwelling house, two frame barns and usual outbuildings.

SECOND. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Wetmore Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post, being the southeast corner of land granted to Joseph Liddell; being also in the west line of land formerly of Gen. Thomas L. Kane; thence southerly by the said Gen. Thomas L. Kane's land two hundred perches; thence north eighty-seven degrees west eighty-six (86) perches, more or less, to the district line; thence northward along said district line, as surveyed by E. T. Mason in 1880, two hundred perches to the southwest of corner agreed to be sold to Anders Erricksen, and thence by the said land of Anders Erricksen and Joseph Liddell, south eighty-seven degrees east eighty perches to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred acres. Excepting and reserving therefrom all coal, iron, limestone, petroleum, gas and other minerals.

Improved and having thereon one frame barn and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. J. Keating at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

9.

Defendant's interest in the following described real estate, to-wit: One or more certain pieces, parcels or lots of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and parts of Warrants Nos. 823 and 3400, the same being bounded and described as follows, to wit:

FIRST. Beginning at a post the southeast corner of land conveyed by Keating & Co. to Richard A. Rice; thence south 88 degrees, 30 minutes west 38.9 rods to a post corner in the center of the road; thence by the road north 30 degrees, 30 minutes east 45.2 rods; thence south 22 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 2.6 acres more or less, and being part of Lot No. 129 of the Keating allotment in Eldred Township and being the same land conveyed to William A. Wright by R. A. Rice et ux., by Deed dated Sept. 1st, 1899, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book "P" at page 389, etc.

SECOND. Beginning at a post in the west line of the Ward lands, being the northeast corner of land contracted to William Baker, Lot No. 127; thence west 12 rods to a post the northwest corner of Lot No. 127; thence north 88 degrees east 86.4 rods to a maple corner of land conveyed to John Wood, Lot No. 94; thence north 7.8 rods to a post the northeast corner of land contracted to A. R. Fowler, Lot No. 86; thence east 22.4 rods to a post the southwest corner of land conveyed to R. A. Rice, Lot No. 125; thence north 55 rods to a post corner of Lot No. 124; thence east 360 rods to a post the northwest corner of Warrant No. 823; thence south 93.6 rods to a post the northeast corner of land conveyed to William R. King, Lot No. 82; thence west 62 rods to a post the northwest corner of Lot No. 82; thence south 31.2 rods to a post the southwest corner of Lot No. 82; thence east 12 rods to a post the southeast corner of Lot No. 82; thence south 87.2 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 199 acres more or less, being Lot No. 146 of the Keating allotment in Eldred Township and being the same land conveyed to William A. Wright by J. J. Keating et al., by Deed dated November 30th, 1899, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book "P" at page 488, etc.

THIRD. Beginning at a post in the center of the Allegheny River; thence north along the warrant line of said tract 17 rods to a birch original corner of said warrant tract; thence by the warrant line east 45 rods to a point in the center of the Allegheny River aforesaid; thence up said river on a center line by the several angles thereof 157.2 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 18.9 acres more or less, being a part of Warrant No. 823, and being the same land conveyed to William A. Wright by Henry Ward &c. Deed dated Sept. 28th, 1874, and recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book "T" at page 359, etc.

To all of which said Deeds of conveyance and the records thereof, reference is hereby had for more complete description.

Excepting and reserving from the second and third lots above described (the same being part of said lots) all that certain 62 acres as described by metes and bounds in that certain Deed from William A. Wright et ux., to William Richardson, the same bearing date October 28th, 1882, and being recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. "18" at page 73, etc.; to which said Deed and record thereof, reference is hereby had for a more complete description.

The above described lands being mostly improved and having thereon a young orchard and a number of other fruit trees, one, two story frame dwelling house, two frame barns and well watered.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. A. Wright at the suit of E. R. Kilbury now by substitution Wilber P. Cook, executor of the estate of Edwin R. Kilbury, deceased.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Plaintiff's Attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant Number 3166, being Lot Number 21, Clay street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post marking the northwest corner of Clay and Greeves streets; thence by the north line of Greeves street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) south seventy degrees west (S. 70 degrees W.) one hundred feet (100 ft.) to a post; thence at right angles thereto parallel to Clay street (by the east side of an alley) north twenty degrees west (N. 20 degrees W.) seventy feet (70 ft.) to a post; thence by land of the party of the first part, north seventy degrees east (N. 70 degrees E.) one hundred feet (100 ft.); thence by the west line of Clay street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) south twenty degrees east (S. 20 degrees E.) seventy feet (70 ft.) to the place of beginning; being a part of the land conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to James F. Swoap by Deed dated 1st day of March, 1893, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. "71" page 207.

Improved and having thereon one, three story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James F. Swoap at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant Number 3166, being Lot Number 28, Clay Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west side of Clay street, seventy (70) feet from the northwest corner of Clay and Greeves streets; thence parallel to Greeves Street, south seventy (70) degrees west (S. 70 degrees W.) one hundred fifty (150) feet; thence by the east side of an alley ten feet wide, parallel to Clay Street, north twenty degrees west (N. 20 degrees W.) seventy (70) feet; thence at right angles thereto north, seventy degrees east (N. 70 degrees E.) one hundred fifty (150) feet; thence by west side of Clay street (thirty feet from the center thereof) south, twenty degrees east (S. 20 degrees E.) seventy feet (70 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing ten thousand five hundred square feet (10,500) more or less, being the same land conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to James F. Swoap by Deed dated the 30th day of November, 1900, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. "80" page 268.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James F. Swoap at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being part of Warrant No. 3210, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the east side of Dawson street, and thirty feet from the center thereof, two hundred and twenty feet (220 ft.) from the southwest corner of land late of Mary L. Kane; thence at right angles to said street, north seventy-four degrees and twenty minutes east; (N. 74 degrees 20 minutes E.) two hundred feet (200 ft.) to land of William Hubbard; thence by land of William Hubbard, south fifteen degrees, forty minutes east (S. 15 degrees 40 minutes E.) one hundred feet (100 ft.); thence at right angles to Dawson Street, south seventy-four degrees, twenty minutes west (S. 74 degrees 20 minutes W.) two hundred feet (200 ft.) to the east side thereof; thence by the east side of said street, north fifteen degrees, forty minutes west (N. 15 degrees 40 minutes W.) one hundred feet (100 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing 20,000 square feet of land, more or less, being the same land conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to said Maria Elizabeth Peterson by Deed dated May 21st, 1884, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book No. "24" at page 359, etc.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house, shrubbery, other buildings, etc.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Maria Elizabeth Peterson and August Peterson, her husband, at the suit of Conewango Building Loan Association.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 14, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 120, February Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Marie L. White did, on the 16th day of January, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, D. D. White:

We therefore command you, the said D. D. White, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper pers n before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Marie L. White and show cause, if any you have, why the said Marie L. White your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept 7, 1904.

James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 22, February Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Rena Owens did, on the 17th day of December 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Owens.

We therefore command you, the said James Owens, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1904, to answer the petition or libel of Rena Owens, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Rena Owens, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 7, 1904.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 11, February Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George A. Wescott did, on the 11th day of December, 1903, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Elizabeth Wescott.

We therefore command you, the said Elizabeth Wescott, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of George A. Wescott and show cause, if any you have, why the said George A. Wescott your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 7, 1903.

Eugene & J. P. Mullin and T. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

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Main St. Smethport, Pa.

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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1902.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

Gordon & Richmond.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Houton.

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E. L. Keenan.

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Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & son.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. H. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widows and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

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Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell Phone.

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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonnighoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 11:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Hotels.

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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

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